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EDITORIAL

THE REAL WINNERS

If it is true that military actions rarely solve political problems, it is also true that such actions often have unintended political consequences. There are at least four unintended political consequences of Ariel Sharon's war. One is President Reagan's clearly enunciated peace plan, which asks Israel to exchange land for peace. A second consequence was dramatized at last week's Arab summit meeting in Fez, Morocco, where an assemblage of conservative Arab kings and dictators responded to Reagan's proposals with some potentially promising ones of their own. A third consequence is the possibility that the Israeli Labor Party, which supports the Reagan plan, may mount a successful electoral challenge to the Likud government. And finally, there is evidence of a new willingness on the part of American Jewish organizations to criticize Israel's actions.

The press has treated Reagan's plan as a departure from U.S. policy, when, in fact, it is faithful to this country's twin commitments in the Middle East for the last thirty years: the public commitment to Israel's security and the unspoken commitment to U.S. oil interests.

In the past, the purpose of U.S. policy in the Middle East has been to harmonize these interests when they conflict. A consequence of Israel's invasion of Lebanon (and Begin's repudiation of Israel's traditional willingness to exchange land for peace) that has *not* occurred is America's abandonment of Israel. What has happened, rather, is that Secretary of State Shultz has abandoned Begin (something Haig, who saw Israel as a military bulwark against Russia, was loath to do) in favor of what he hopes will be a "moderated" Palestinian leadership and a victorious Israeli Labor Party. They could be the real beneficiaries of Sharon's war.

COMISO: NUCLEAR FOOTBALL
Paula DiPerna

TAX ACT: REAGAN'S OLD ARMY GAME
Jerome Doolittle

MISTRIALS OF MYRON FARBER
Richard Harris

DREISER'S DIARIES
Richard Lingeman

'INDECENT EXPOSURE'
Daniel Zitin

PROGRESSIVES FOR CONGRESS

A GUIDE TO TWENTY KEY HOUSE RACES

MARK GREEN

The 1982 House of Representatives race will be the most important off-year election in fifty years. It will indicate whether the Republican success in 1980 was an aberration or a harbinger—and it has the potential to delay or spur Reagan's efforts to fill the far-right's wish list. Since votes on several key issues in the first session of the 97th Congress (e.g., the nuclear freeze) were decided by hairline margins, even small changes in the composition of the House could produce large changes in public policy.

What follows is a survey of twenty bellwether House races in which a progressive Democratic challenger has a good chance of defeating a conservative Republican incumbent—or of taking an open seat (one with no incumbent). The House is *the* major battleground for progressives, not the Senate—where only thirteen Republican seats are being contested, compared with nineteen Democratic seats. In the House, the fifty-four freshman Republicans who rode in on Reagan's long coattails in 1980 have some explaining to do to voters whom they promised economic growth, jobs and lower deficits. They are, in the political lexicon, "vulnerable."

They are doubly vulnerable if history is any indicator. No party in control of the executive branch has increased its number of House seats in an off-year election since 1934, when F.D.R. Democrats picked up nine. The average number of seats gained by the party out of power has been thirty-eight. If the Democrats gain that many seats this year, they will have a 231–154 majority.

The economy and history aside, Republicans

(*Continued on Page 235*)

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LETTERS.

BATOVRIN'S INCARCERATION

Nyack, N.Y.; New York City

In response to Aryeh Neier's letter [*The Nation*, Sept. 4], it was Sergei Batovrin's August 5 art exhibit against nuclear weapons, rather than our impending visit, that precipitated Batovrin's forced hospitalization.

Without going into detail, we report for the record that the two of us made our way to Batovrin's apartment in Moscow without obstruction or difficulty. For more than an hour we visited Batovrin's wife, Natasha, and 5-month-old daughter, Sonja, and learned of the fragile status of the independent peace movement named Trust. We empathize with Natasha over the continued detention of her husband in a mental hospital, and we encourage readers to write to Americans for Democratic Action, 56 West 45th St., Room 1204, New York, N.Y. 10036, which is gathering signatures for protest petitions to be delivered to the Soviet government.

Neier notes that U.S. peace groups have been supportive of Trust because they know their cause would be advanced if such a group could function in the Soviet Union. In meetings with Soviet peace committees and policy advisers, we came to understand why they resent American persistence that the U.S.S.R. make fundamental changes in its laws governing how people voice opinions. This is as hard for them to accept as it is for Americans to accept, say, the Soviet insistence on full employment and free medical care.

Richard Baggett Deats, Executive Secretary
Fellowship of Reconciliation
Carole Kraemer

ON WHITE-BAITING

Washington, D.C.

Randall Kennedy's article ["On Cussing Out White Liberals," *The Nation*, Sept. 4] was a refreshing and needed airing of one of the more puzzling dilemmas the American peace movement faces. It can safely be said that the shot-from-the-hip accusation of racism, sexism or insensitivity to other such *isms* is one of the more popular acts in the political circus.

Unfortunately, such hostility invariably proves a destructive element in a true movement for social change. Having worked in the anti-draft effort for the past two years, I know that white-baiting is carried on in that movement without any awareness of basic human dignity and respect.

At every organizing meeting I've attended that merited interest, the obligatory harangue on race is delivered. The reactions of those confronted by the charges are often predictable—guilt, stony silence, open astonishment or a recollection that that cat regularly gives that rap. Those who can recall the last lecture tend to be willing to wait out the speaker so the serious business can be conducted.

As a Chicano from California, I've learned to sit back and softly shake my head. A social movement built on an emotional foundation of humiliation will never succeed; guilt-tripping is the ground rule for only a depraved effort to save the people. I might also add that it is educational to note the political agendas put forth by the masters of the self-righteous put-down.

Grappling with peoples' attitudes about race is always productive; however, the discussions that actually educate are rare—while those that simply irritate are a dime a dozen. A white activist will hurl a statistic that he believes confirms his social theory, and dare others to prove themselves racist by disagreeing. The black brother will coach the Latino on how to exploit the slander of racism. Others in the same clique—a couple of whites, say—will add approval of the latest exercise in redundancy. There is no perception that the white-skinned folk may be the most "aware" or "politically correct" people in the room. Why else would they take all this unnecessary abuse?

Aren't there better ways to seek enlightened dialogue? I hope so. At the last meeting I attended, an accusation of Uncle Tomism was cast my way. Upon reflection, I am proud to know that other people of color who seek a truly integrated society have felt the barb of that inanity. For the woman who hissed it, I can only hope that she will become more sensitive to the lingo of racism. They call us Tio Tacos out West.

Alexander Reyes

REED CLARIFIES

Berkeley, Calif.

Nowhere in my interview with Stanley Crouch for *The Nation*—he did most of the talking—did I use the expression "literary mammies" ["Kinships and Aginships," May 22]. What I said was that women make out much better in my novels than black men do in the works of feminist writers. As evidence, I cited scenes from Toni Morrison's *Sula*, in which a black man is burned alive *by his mother*; from Gayl Jones's *Eva's Man*, in which a black man is sexually mutilated; and from Alice Walker's *You Can't Keep a Good Woman Down*, in which black males are *sex objects* who perpetrate sexual crimes (the same charge made against the Jews by the Nazis).

Toni Cade Bambara's name didn't come up.

Your pro-Reagan reviewer's history of my publishing activities is also riddled with inaccuracies. Too bad your readers can't judge the quality of our books for themselves. For ten years we've been publishing prize-winning magazines and books and not a single title has been reviewed by the publications Crouch writes for.

Ishmael Reed, Director
Reed and Cannon Communications Co.
Co-publisher, Quilt magazine

CROUCH REPLIES

New York City

In discussing his views on the publishing world with me, Ishmael Reed did use the term "literary mammies." After my article had been submitted, however, he protested to me that he hadn't intended to be quoted and that the term was unsophisticated, not to mention the fact that his use of it would get him "in a lot of hot water." I agreed to delete the phrase and contacted my editor for the piece, Elizabeth Pochoda, who told me it was too late. The issue was already on the stands. I'm sure that Reed, being a pro-Duvalier man, knows how the hoo doo does.

Stanley Crouch

BOYCOTTS AND FREE SPEECH

Medina, N.Y.

In "On Boycotts" [*The Nation*, May 29], Aryeh Neier writes: "It is important to defend the right to engage in forms of peaceful expression that are intended to make it impossible for others to speak or be heard." This is a violation of free speech. Groups like the Coalition for Better Television are actively engaged in boycotting and trying to bar speeches and programs, with the purpose of preventing others from being exposed to ideas and opinions that are considered objectionable by some Christians. This is not an exercise of free speech but its opposite—a violation of that right. Why equivocate? Why not call it what it is? Since when is an abuse or violation of a right defensible and protected by law? (Neier says boycotts "are entitled to equal legal protection.")

If we were to accept Neier's perverse notion of rights, we would easily conclude that for every right in the Bill of Rights and in the Declaration on Human Rights there is a commensurate legal and moral right to abuse basic rights. No one is entitled to engage in activities intended to discriminate against another's fundamental rights. If Neier's thinking on the subject is consistent with the current state of thinking on rights, it is little wonder that respect for human rights is a universal problem.

Joanne Wehling

NEIER REPLIES

New York City

There is a logical absurdity in Joanne Wehling's position that is encapsulated in her assertion that "no one is entitled to engage in activities intended to discriminate against another's fundamental rights." Yet Wehling would discriminate against the fundamental right of groups like the Coalition for Better Television to freedom of speech. Does this mean to Wehling that she has given up her own right to speak? Or is it Wehling's view that only those who stand for good things may speak? If so, is Wehling to be the ultimate arbiter of what is good? If not, whom are we to trust in that role?

Aryeh Neier

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EDITORIALS.

Secrecy Strikes

With the bumps and jerks of an amateur stage production, the Reagan curtain of secrecy is being lowered. Consider the ham-handed way the Defense Department interfered with the free exchange of scientific ideas at a symposium of the Society of Photo-Optical Instrumentation Engineers held in San Diego last month. It seems that Soviet scientists had been invited to the arcane proceedings, and the Pentagon smelled a threat to national security. And so three weeks before the conference was convened, long after its agenda had been publicized and 2,700 scientists from all over the world had bought their airline tickets and made their hotel arrangements, the department announced that about 100 of the papers scheduled to be delivered would have to be withdrawn because they contained sensitive technical information. Access to this information, an anonymous Pentagon official "explained" to *The New York Times*, would enable the Russians to bypass costly research of their own and perhaps "develop early countermeasures to American military advances." That, the shadowy censor said, "really bugs us."

The Defense Department's intervention was so clumsy that even George A. Keyworth 2d, President Reagan's science adviser, termed it "both unfortunate and ill-timed." What had been planned as an exchange of scientific information was thus made into an arm of the Administration's economic and psychological warfare against the Soviet Union—a kind of sideshow to the natural gas pipeline affair. Here the issue was not hardware but ideas—highly technical ones to be sure, but the effect was as chilling as a police raid. *Science News*, which published the first account of the government's actions, said they were "unprecedented in their timing, in the large number of papers removed and in the scope of the papers' content." The scientists at the conference were thrown for a loop, uncertain whether to challenge the ban or

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withdraw their papers. Most withdrew them. How could they have known what the government's classification standards were? An anonymous official saying something "really bugs us" is not the most precise guideline.

That the government's interference with the meeting in San Diego was part of a larger pattern of censorship was indicated by the visit earlier this month by representatives of the National Security Agency and the Justice Department to the publishing offices of the Houghton Mifflin Company in Boston. The callers demanded the return of documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act by James Bamford in the course of research for his book on the agency titled *The Puzzle Palace*, which Houghton Mifflin published this week. The N.S.A. representatives informed the publisher that the documents had been reclassified and thus no longer fell within the scope of the act. And what was this supersecret material? Bamford said that it consisted of copies of the N.S.A. Newsletter, a house organ.

Recently, the House Government Operations Committee released a report criticizing President Reagan's Executive Order on Security Classification. Representative Glenn English, chairman of the Government Information and Individual Rights subcommittee, which did the study on which the report is based, pointed out that the order was prepared in secret and that the Administration made only a minimal effort to solicit public comment on it—even though it radically reversed the trend toward relaxation of security classification procedures begun during the Eisenhower Administration.

And so the ever-vigilant Reagan security police are beginning to sally forth from their bureaucratic safehouses; the crackdown is under way. The N.S.A. affair suggests that the security snoopers have come up with a novel wrinkle—classifying information after it has been legally released to the public. Although the N.S.A. was inscrutable about its plans for further actions regarding Bamford's book, presumably it may seek to prosecute the author for unlawful possession of classified information. Such a sweeping conception of secrecy goes beyond the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, under which reporters can be jailed for publishing information that is in the public domain. With ex post facto classification in their armamentarium, White House flacks may begin classifying retroactively any embarrassing information that is released, discovered or leaked. Is it too far-fetched to imagine the next gaffe by Interior Secretary James Watt being declared top secret? The possibilities for suppressing or rewriting history are endless. It appears that 1984 has arrived two years early.

Nuclear Football

In the Italian community in New York where I grew up, Sicilians were considered the "wrong kind" of Italian, and Sicily was considered part of Africa. A distant cousin of mine actually once said that he thought Sicily would be the perfect target for a nuclear attack, so Italy could be rid of it forever—that poor place, that rocky ball good only for kicking by the Italian boot.

My cousin's wish may come true, unless public opinion in Italy and the international nuclear disarmament movement can rebuff the most grotesque expression of northern Italy's prejudice against the south—the construction of a nuclear missile base at Comiso, Sicily.

In August 1981, the Italian government voted to allow NATO to locate a cruise missile base at Comiso, a community of 27,000 people in southern Sicily. The government most likely expected the small-town Sicilians to accept its decision without question. The base would be essential to the proposed NATO cruise missile grid in Europe, which five countries have agreed in principle to be a part of. Only Italy, however, has shown itself willing to deploy the missiles. Construction of missile bases in the Netherlands and Belgium remains stalled because of domestic political pressures, and West Germany has said it will proceed only if another NATO member on the continent does too. Italy is the country most likely to do so; therefore, the base at Comiso could be pivotal.

One hopes the Comiso facility can be stopped.

Each of the 100 or so cruise missiles to be deployed there will carry a 200-kiloton warhead, have a range of 2,500 kilometers and be capable of destroying a Soviet missile silo or a large city. (The bomb that destroyed Hiroshima was thirteen kilotons.) Detonation of just one of these missiles would yield a heat and radiation blast that would affect everything within a three-mile radius. There is also always the possibility of accidental detonation and radiation leakage. The base's strategic location between Europe, Africa and the Middle East greatly increases the likelihood that it would be a target in a limited nuclear exchange. There are already military sites in Sicily vital to NATO, but a nuclear base on the island would probably be too inviting for an attacker to pass up.

None of this is lost on the people of Comiso. Most of them don't want the base, and for the past year they have been organizing against it. The Comitato Unitario per Il Disarmo e La Pace (United Committee for Peace and Disarmament) has collected signatures from 12,800 of Comiso's 18,000 adults and from 1 million people throughout Sicily, which has a population of only 5 million. The group has vowed to disrupt construction of the base, which is scheduled to begin in time for the missiles to be deployed by December 1983.

In April, Pio La Torre, a leader of the anti-base forces who was a longtime opponent of the Mafia, was assassinated. Some Italian newspapers speculated that the Mafia ordered La Torre murdered now because it stood to make a lot of money from the construction activities related to the base. It is even conceivable that hawkish elements in the Italian government may not have been above hiring a gun to shatter the Sicilian peace movement.

Given the apparent misgivings of many NATO members about the idea of nuclear bases in Europe, and given the weakness of the alliance itself, stopping the missiles at Comiso could mean stopping them in the rest of Italy, and thereby in all of Europe. It would be exciting indeed if those who are active in the cause of world peace helped the

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vcilians stand their ground, especially the ground NATO ants to commandeer as a crossroads for war.

PAULA DIPERNA

'aula DiPerna is a freelance writer who contributes frequently to The Nation.

)ld Army Game

In 1955 I was a draftee at Fort Dix. Day in and day out for more than a month, the Army bullied and harassed us. We were shaved bald, clothed in poorly fitted uniforms, shouted at, punished unjustly, fed op, trained ineptly, deprived of sleep and freedom, and)rced to do the most menial and pointless tasks. We were :arning, in other words, to be soldiers.

One day word came that we were all going to get forty-ght-hour passes the next weekend. At the time of the announcement I was scrubbing a urinal because a grown man anted to run his finger under its rim and see if his white love would come up clean.

"Forty-eight-hour passes!" said the draftee who brought)e news to Baker Company's latrine. "Jeez, that's really ;e of them."

I pointed out that once upon a time, and not so very long go, liberty was not spooned out to us in forty-eight-hour oses by subliterate incompetents but was the normal condion of our lives. The general feeling in the latrine squad, owever, was that the Army had just become a good guy, ur buddy.

If you had been a son of a bitch for long enough, apparently you could create gratitude among your victims ıerely by laying off them for a minute or two. I thought of ıis as the Basic Training Effect, imagining in my youthful mplicity that it was confined to the military world.

It wasn't, as I discovered years later when President lixon went to Peking. Apart from a few old soreheads in Moscow, all the world hailed him for his wisdom and statesıanship in beginning the process that would end (two 'residents later) in the establishment of diplomatic relations /ith China. I was amazed, at first, that Nixon was able to ance through all the raindrops without getting wet, since he ad devoted nearly all of his long public life to creating a olitical climate in which normal relations with China were npossible.

Then I remembered the Basic Training Effect. We were rateful to Nixon because he had saved us from himself. He as like those Indian fakirs who set cobras loose at night in our garden and then come by the next day, offering to kill hem.

Dr. Kissinger was every bit as good at this sort of bunco is his boss was, and possibly even better. Older members of he class may remember that Kissinger was national security ıdviser to a man who was elected President in 1968 on the)romise that he had a secret plan to end the Vietnam War. Kissinger then encouraged his boss to expand the war into Cambodia and to keep it going for four more bloody years, until even the war's best friends were sick of the sight of the thing.

Only when the 1972 election was safely in the bag did Kissinger finally summon up the diplomatic skill to negotiate the withdrawal of our forces from South Vietnam. For this stunning coup he won not only the applause of the lickspittles on the press plane but also the Nobel Peace Prize. We were so glad to get out of the quagmire that we forgot who had kept us in it.

That Kissinger, he sure is something, I remember thinking at the time, with an admiration not untinged by nausea. Talk about your hidden-ball play, why, he plowed right through the lynx-eyed press corps and into the history books, standing up! He'll do until a more deceptive player comes along.

And one has. In "Dutch" Reagan, we may have the shiftiest of them all.

President Reagan's first great legislative victory was an economic program that would balance the budget by taking in less while spending more. Under this original approach, deficits quickly grew large enough to gag a Democrat, and even quite a few Republicans. The unemployment and bankruptcy rates rose; interest rates stayed at levels formerly dreamed of only by the Mafia. Pleas for common sense came from our allies abroad, from both parties at home, from labor and from management, from Wall Street and from Main Street. To almost everybody but President Reagan, it was plain that the economy had been dosed not just with snake oil but with arsenic as well.

For month after month after month, though, the President hung tough. Only last month did he, with the greatest public reluctance, allow himself to be browbeaten by his staff, his Cabinet and leaders of his own party into undoing some of the damage he had so enthusiastically inflicted on the economy. He announced his support of a new tax bill, and Congress overrode his once most loyal supporters to pass it.

A person unfamiliar with the Basic Training Effect might have expected the resulting headlines to be one variant or another of "Foes Force Ron To Eat Fiscal Crow." Instead, the whole thing turned out to be a public relations triumph for the President. He won, the commentators told us, and won big. It had looked like a goner right up until the big fellow gave that speech of his at halftime, and then darned if that collection of cripples and has-beens in Congress didn't go out there and win one for the Gipper after all!

Only the most careful readers of those gushings would have noticed that the President's great victory was not over Congress but over himself.

JEROME DOOLITTLE

Jerome Doolittle is author of an upcoming novel, The Bombing Officer *(E. P. Dutton), on the secret air war in Laos.*

CORRECTION. In last week's editorial "The Death Lobby," the court considering the legislative veto should have been identified as the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

What does "prevail" mean? What does "deterrence" mean? What does "paradox" mean? On the answers to these questions depends the answer to another less complex one, which is: Should Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger be impeached and put to work as a lexicographer's drudge?

Earlier this year, a copy of the Pentagon's annual Defense Policy Guidance Statement became available unofficially. It has not been disowned. It said in so many words that "protracted nuclear war is possible" and that "the United States' nuclear capabilities must prevail even under the condition of a prolonged war." The statement was signed by Caspar Weinberger. Presumably, he endorses National Security Decision Document 13, adopted last fall by the National Security Council, which also declared that it was now U.S. policy to "prevail" in a "protracted nuclear war." Presumably, he is likewise aware of the strategic master plan, drawn up by the Pentagon at the direct request of the President, which was completed at the end of August. This plan, which awaits the seal, fleshes out the theory of a winnable or survivable nuclear war by recommending, for example, $18 billion for a special "command and control" system. This would allegedly be capable of withstanding six months of nuclear exchanges.

There are people who like to think about this, and there are people who do not. People like Colin Gray, newly appointed as a State Department adviser at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, like to think about it a lot. In Gray's view, it is to be regretted that "many commentators and senior U.S. government officials consider it [nuclear war] a nonsurvivable event." Enough of this defeatism, says Gray. In an article he wrote for *Foreign Policy* in 1980 titled "Victory is Possible," he called for a war-fighting strategy and said that 20 million American lives would be an acceptable minimum cost for humbling the Soviet Union.

Such characters defeat one's feeble powers of satire. But Weinberger knows that most people *don't* like to think about the issue—let alone in such detail. In late August, worried by the number and accuracy of the leaks, he sent a personal letter to seventy major newspapers in the United States and abroad (the Europeans got theirs a week late) in which he said:

> I am increasingly concerned with news accounts that portray this Administration as planning to wage protracted nuclear war, or seeking to acquire a nuclear "war-fighting" capability. This is completely inaccurate . . . we do not believe there could be any "winners" in a nuclear war.

Weinberger did not allude to *any* of the documents quoted above, so he did not have to face the difference between "winning" and "prevailing." (To prevail, after all, can mean to succeed—not that that is much help.) Instead, he fell back on the trusty fallacy of deterrence. As he put it, "The policy of deterrence is difficult for some to grasp because it is based on a paradox."

We all knew that, thanks. But a *paradox* may mean something that is only apparently contradictory, or it may mea something that is actually self-contradictory. Considered a a strategy, deterrence has certainly toppled into the latte category. In order for, say, the Soviet Union to be deterred the deterrent must be "credible." You must mean what yo say, and you must be able to make good your threats. I practice, this means you must be prepared to strike first; i isn't deterrent if you can only strike second or not at all Thus, capacity becomes strategy. Herewith, a snatch o dialogue between myself and a Pentagon spokesman:

> Q: Does the United States have a strategy for launching missiles on warning?
> A: No.
> Q: Does the United States have a capacity for launching missiles on warning?
> A: Yes.

Somewhere between Jimmy Carter's Presidential Direc tive 59, which called for the development of a "deterrent' first-strike capacity, and the present day, even the pretense o deterrence has been dropped in internal discussions. Brig Gen. Walter Cousland, a Defense Department officer t whom I talked, could hardly be bothered to defend the dif ference between "win" and "prevail." "Maybe we w prevail by deterring—or maybe we deter by being able t prevail," he said, laconically enough.

In these circumstances, it is scarcely a matter for wonde that Henry Catto Jr., Weinberger's chief spokesman, re fused to comment on the distinction at all. "This is the kin of semantic game that I don't think is useful to get into," quoth Catto, immortally. Semantic? Game? Enough. W can, at any rate, see why he doesn't want to "get into" it

An unremarked sentence in Weinberger's letter says tha the deterrent policy "has been approved, through th political processes of the democratic nations it protects since at least 1950." I don't know if he means to say tha before 1950 the democratic processes did *not* apply. (H would be abnormally accurate if he did—Britain, for in stance, acquired nuclear weapons in secret a few year earlier.) But even so, it is flatly untrue to say that anybod has ever been democratically consulted about the arms race As in the present instance. Catto, who picked up his pro tocol as finance director of Citizens for Nixon in 1968 and little later as U.S. ambassador to El Salvador, has been do ing his best to keep the nuclear victory documents unde cover. He has told Robert Scheer of the *Los Angeles Time* (who has made rather a point of the semantics) that the De fense Department will not discuss the question with him any fur ther. Earlier, he informed the correspondent of the leadin West German magazine *Stern* that his highly respected jour nal was too "hopelessly anti-American" to merit an inter view with Weinberger. So far from defending democracy the men who can't tell winning from losing are telling a veritable dense-pack of lies. But as the ancients hac it, *Magna est veritas et praevalebit.* The authorized Pentagon translation reads, "Great is the truth, and it will deter."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I have to admit that I didn't know the next thing would be novelists posing nude to the waist in national magazines. I try to keep up, but it's getting harder and harder to know what the next thing is going to be. Even after Jerzy Kosinski was on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* in half of a polo-playing costume, I didn't know for certain that it was the beginning of the next thing. Sure, I heard some talk about the picture—"Yech!" was one comment I heard—but nobody said, "I guess this is going to be the next thing." Then, on the inside back cover of *The New Yorker*, I saw an ad for *Vanity Fair* which consisted of a color picture of John Irving in most of his old college wrestler's uniform. "I guess this is going to be the next thing," I said to my wife.

"Think of poor Norman Mailer," she said. "Nobody has asked him to pose in his boxing trunks."

"It's only a matter of time," I said. "They'll all get their chance now. Updike will be shown wearing only plaid golf pants and holding a putter. Malamud and Mark Harris will be pictured at adjoining lockers, each of them wearing the bottom half of a Boston Red Sox uniform. Roth will be in his undies. Thomas McGuane will be in hunting pants only, carring a shotgun. Capote will be in a backgammon club—the only player in the room not wearing a shirt."

"How can you be sure this is going to be the next thing?" my wife said. "Remember the time you thought movie stars were going to start wearing bowling shirts?"

Well, this had the feel of the next thing about it. The next thing is always unexpected—a twist that makes people who didn't know it was coming start sentences with "Who would have thought . . ." Who would have thought, for instance, that novelists would start going around posing for magazines without their shirts on? It's certainly not the sort of thing novelists have made a habit of in the past. Oh, I suppose Hemingway might have had his picture in *Life* once or twice sitting shirtless on a deep-sea fishing boat, but can anyone imagine that there was ever a time when somebody tried to persuade Henry James that, all in all, it might be beneficial to his career if he posed in one of those baggy Victorian bathing costumes for the cover of the *Illustrated London News*? As Mr. James often said, not hardly.

Yes, it's true that in my eagerness to keep up I might have jumped the gun a few times in calling something the next thing. It isn't easy, after all, to think of something nobody would have thought, and once you do it you tend to get a little overconfident. If you had been right, for instance, in saying "The next thing will be Hollywood movie producers from the Bronx wearing cowboy boots and snorting cocaine," you might, in the glow of that success, be tempted to make a wild guess that the next thing would be movie stars wearing bowling shirts. Once, I was wrong in circumstances very much like those we find ourselves in today. Fifteen years ago, *Harper's Bazaar* ran a picture of a countess nude to the waist. Her name was something like the Countess of Provolone. "This is going to be the next thing," I said right away. "All the countesses are going to have their pictures in fashion magazines nude to the waist. Maybe baronesses too. You heard it here first."

Well, of course that didn't happen. Sure, there have been pictures of a nude countess now and then, but on the whole I would have to say that over the past fifteen or twenty years countesses as an occupational group have done a pretty good job of keeping their clothes on in public. Naturally, the failure of other countesses to follow the Countess of Provolone's example caused me some embarrassment—although not, I suspect, as much as it caused the Countess of Provolone ("Isn't it simply too much, my dear?" I could hear those catty, fully-clothed countesses saying to one another. "Imagine silly Provolone thinking it would be cute to show off her maracas in *Harper's Bazaar*!").

That's why I wouldn't have been ready to say that novelists posing with their shirts off was the next thing just on the evidence of one picture of Jerzy Kosinski on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine*: it reminded me too much of that unfortunate business with the Countess of Provolone. The article it illustrated even read suspiciously like a fashion magazine piece; in fact, the author of it swallowed so many palpably cockamamie stories Kosinski told her about his background that near the end there I thought he was going to have a go at persuading her that he was a countess himself. It made me cautious. I could just see myself saying, "This is the next thing," and then having the rest of the novelists keep their shirts on and make snide little jokes to each other about the Polish polo team.

Then I saw the picture of John Irving, and I said, "This is going to be the next thing." The picture, after all, was advertising the imminent rebirth of *Vanity Fair*, a magazine that once had the reputation of knowing what the next thing was going to be; for all I know, they might have a picture in their files of Henry James in one of those baggy Victorian bathing costumes. The only question in my mind was how far it would go. I could picture Isaac Bashevis Singer being called in by the trendy young conglomerateur who had just swallowed up his publishing house:

"Welcome aboard, Isaac," the conglomerateur says. "What's your sport?"

"Well, I do a little Talmudic hair-splitting now and then," Singer says. "Just to keep a hand in."

As I was trying to imagine whether the conglomerateur would dare ask Singer if Talmudists, on exceedingly muggy days, ever went about their business wearing just trousers and a prayer shawl, I heard the real voice of my wife. "You don't think *The Nation* will run a full-page ad of Victor S. Navasky in the trunks of his Elisabeth Irwin High School basketball uniform, do you?" she was saying.

"Oh, no," I said reassuringly. "I don't think it'll come to that." But how did I know? If novelists, why not editors? If editors, why not movie producers in cowboy boots? Just cowboy boots. It's so hard to know what the next thing will be.

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ARTICLES.

JUDGES' JUSTICE

The (Mis)Trials Of Myron Farber

"Somebody is Lying": The Story of Dr. X, *by Myron Farber, has recently been published by Doubleday. It recounts the case of Dr. Mario Jascalevich, who was tried on charges of mass murder in 1978. Farber broke the story in* The New York Times *and then became a main figure in the trial when the defense demanded that he turn over his notes on the case. He refused, and the courts, from the bottom to the top, went after him. Richard Harris was present in court when the Farber case was being contested.*

—The Editors

RICHARD HARRIS

In the summer of 1975, an editor at *The New York Times* handed one of its reporters, Myron Farber, a letter from a reader urging the paper to look into the unexplained deaths of some patients at a small hospital nine years earlier. The letter left unnamed the suspect, the hospital, the town or city and even the state. After much arduous digging, Farber found that in 1966 the medical director and a couple of doctors at Riverdell Hospital in Oradell, New Jersey, had informed the Bergen County prosecutor that in their investigation of some puzzling deaths at Riverdell they had discovered a sizable quantity of curare, along with some used hypodermic syringes, in the locker of Dr. Mario Jascalevich, the hospital's chief surgeon. (Curare, a potent muscle relaxant, must be used with great care since an overdose will kill a patient within two or three minutes.) The prosecutor and his chief assistant questioned Jascalevich and a few others but decided that the case was too weak to present to a grand jury and dropped it.

Farber interviewed the doctors and nurses who were still available and talked to scores of other people, including the former prosecutor and his former assistant (both of whom had become Bergen County judges) and the current prosecutor, Joseph Woodcock, who hadn't heard about the case. Apparently he decided that if *The Times* was going to do a story on the subject, he had better do something himself, so he got an order to exhume the bodies of five persons who had died mysteriously at Riverdell to see if they contained curare. Medical experts hired by the state reported that they did. This and other evidence was presented to a grand jury, which indicted Dr. Jascalevich on five counts of murder. The next day *The Times* ran Farber's first story on the case, identifying Jascalevich as simply "Dr. X."

The trial judge, William Arnold, an amiable, undistinguished jurist of 65, had once been assistant to the prosecutor who had dropped the case. Sybil Moses, who at the age of 38 had been practicing law for only three years, all of them as an assistant prosecutor, was assigned to try the case. The defense was conducted by Raymond Brown, a prominent New Jersey lawyer in his early 60s who had frequently represented the N.A.A.C.P. as well as many accused murderers, mobsters and public officials charged with corruption. He was reputed to be the toughest defense counsel in the state.

Brown's defense of Dr. Jascalevich was based on two conspiracy theories. The first was that *The New York Times*, still smarting over the beating it had taken in *The Washington Post*'s scoop on Watergate, hoped to recoup its reputation by concocting a mass-murder case; that *The Times*, through Farber, who hoped to become famous and rich, conspired with Woodcock, who had overseen Jascalevich's indictment and who had then left office in the hope that he might become governor of New Jersey, and also with Dr. Michael Baden, deputy chief medical examiner of New York City, who had examined the five exhumed corpses and who hoped to become the city's chief medical examiner—all of these hopes being based on Dr. Jascalevich's ultimate conviction.

The second conspiracy theory was that the doctors at Riverdell Hospital had reported their suspicions about Dr. Jascalevich to the prosecutor twelve years before because they were embarrassed by his greater skill as a surgeon and envious of his larger share of the hospital's profits.

To support this defense, Brown subpoenaed Farber and *The Times* and demanded all of their notes, memorandums, tape recordings, files and anything else they had relating to the case. Farber and *The Times* were stunned, because they were sure that both Arnold and Brown knew that the paper and its reporter would resist such a sweeping subpoena as a violation of the Constitution and of New Jersey's "shield law." This law, which had been on the books for forty-five years and had been amended by the state legislature a few months earlier to make it one of the strongest such laws in the country, guaranteed every reporter "a privilege to refuse to disclose . . . to any court" the source of any information and "any news or information obtained in the course of pursuing his professional activities whether or not it is disseminated." The only exceptions were reporters who waived these rights, reporters who had concealed from their sources that they were reporters and reporters who had seen or been involved in physical violence or property damage. None of these exceptions applied to Farber.

No competent court in this country would uphold subpoenas like those served on Farber and *The Times*. Under the law, subpoenas must be reasonably specific, and the items sought must be shown to be relevant and material to the case at hand; equally important, anyone subpoenaed has

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Richard Harris, who has reported on the law for many years, now destroys his notes when he is finished with them. His latest book is Honor Bound *(St. Martin's-Marek), a suspense novel about lawyers.*

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a legal right to a court hearing to determine whether the subpoena meets these standards. The standards are established by the Constitution, by statute and by court interpretations, and the legal right is known as "due process of law." That right belongs to everyone in the United States; it has nothing to do with journalists in particular.

Judge Arnold upheld the subpoenas. To enforce them, he invoked an interstate compact between New Jersey and New York and sent the documents to the New York Supreme Court, that state's lowest court of general jurisdiction. At a brief hearing there, presided over by Justice Harold Rothwax, the lawyer for Farber and *The Times* contended that the subpoenas were unconstitutionally broad and that even if properly drawn they would violate the First Amendment, the New Jersey shield law and a similar law in New York. Rothwax rejected these arguments and ruled that "the court of the requesting state properly determines whether the witness or document" is needed. The courts of New Jersey, he added, were bound to hold a hearing on "all issues of privilege, statutory and constitutional," so the parties' rights "would be protected in New Jersey." Since New Jersey, in the person of Judge Arnold, had already demonstrated, by upholding a flatly unconstitutional subpoena, that it would *not* protect these basic rights, Rothwax failed in his duty to protect the citizens of his state from illicit acts against them by another state. *The Times* went to the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, which avoided the obvious constitutional issues involved and ruled that under New York law the substance of Rothwax's order could be appealed only in the state where the subpoena originated.

This made a total of seven judges who had taken a firm stand against the United States Constitution. There were many more to come.

If there had been any doubt that the New York judges' confidence in Arnold was misplaced, his conduct in presiding over the Jascalevich trial should have dispelled it. He seemed to have lost control of his courtroom almost from the start. Ray Brown ran it, and he put Moses and Farber on trial in Jascalevich's place. In the presence of the jury, Brown relentlessly abused the prosecutor, calling her "a professional liar" who was "rotten to the nines" and "should be in jail," among other things. The judge occasionally and mildly reproved Brown but otherwise allowed him extraordinary latitude, while sternly criticizing and limiting Moses. Arnold also got witnesses and their testimony mixed up, he forgot testimony that had been given and imagined testimony that hadn't been, and now and then he seemed to doze off at the bench.

Once, when Moses refused to sit down after being denied her right to rebut a crucial point of Brown's, Arnold found her in contempt. Afterward, she presented him, in open court, with twenty-nine reasons why he should hand the case over to another judge. Then her boss, Roger Breslin, the new Bergen County prosecutor, told him, "Over the course of the last five weeks, it's become more and more evident that Your Honor does not have the personality, the temperament, the intellectual intensity and stamina . . . necessary both to cope with the issues in this case and to control the attorneys in the case." Arnold rejected the state's request.

At another stage, one of Farber's lawyers told Arnold, during a conference in his chambers, that Farber simply would not turn over his confidential notes to the government. The judge, looking bewildered, said *he* wasn't the government, *he* was a judge. That was too much even for Brown, who explained that Farber had probably meant the three branches of government—executive, legislative and judicial. Oh, Judge Arnold replied, maybe in *that* sense he did represent the government.

In obedience to the rulings of the New York courts, *The Times* and Farber asked Arnold for the hearing they had been promised across the river. He denied their motion, saying that he couldn't hold a hearing until he had examined all the subpoenaed materials; that, of course, would have defeated the purpose of a hearing, which was to determine whether the materials had to be turned over to the court for examination. The lawyers appealed to the New Jersey Appellate Division, which denied their right to appeal Arnold's decision at all. They appealed *that* decision to the state's highest court, the New Jersey Supreme Court, which upheld the Appellate Division. They went to Justice Byron White at the U.S. Supreme Court, who, after a brusque nod to the Constitution, rejected their appeal. They made the same plea to Justice Thurgood Marshall, who, with a more respectful nod in the same direction, turned them down, too. This made nineteen judges who had denied a newspaper and its reporter the most fundamental right supposedly guaranteed everyone by the Constitution: due process of law.

The twentieth judge was Theodore Trautwein, assignment judge of the Bergen County Court, who had chosen Arnold to preside over the Jascalevich trial and who now himself

DRAWINGS BY J.C. SUARÈS

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presided over the hearing on the contempt citations handed down by Arnold. (In any other line of work, such a dual role would be considered a conflict of interest; not in the courts, though, because a basic fallacy—that judges are objective—prevails there.) After accusing Farber of hiding behind "technical niceties" (that is, the Constitution) and *The Times* of "hiding behind the skirts of Myron Farber," which were "becoming more and more soiled day by day," Trautwein fined *The Times* $100,000 in a lump sum, plus $5,000 a day for every day that it continued to resist its subpoena; and he fined Farber $2,000 in a lump sum, sent him to jail until he complied with his subpoena or the trial ended, and added a six-month jail term after that.

Farber went to jail. His lawyers asked the Appellate Division to stay his sentence pending an appeal. The court refused. The lawyers asked New Jersey Supreme Court Justice Morris Pashman to release Farber until they could appeal to his court. He granted their motion. The next day that court, by a vote of six to Pashman, sent Farber back to jail. His lawyers again went to White and Marshall, who again turned them down. Back in his cell, Farber learned that the Appellate Division had announced that it would consider his case in seven weeks.

The Times filed a *habeas corpus* petition (a demand that the state justify its right to keep the petitioner incarcerated) before the Federal District Court in Newark. Frederick Lacey, who presided over the hearing, turned out to be the twenty-first judge to abuse Farber's rights. Although everyone involved in the Jascalevich case knew that Farber had a contract with Doubleday to write a book about it, no one paid much attention to that fact, except Ray Brown, who kept mentioning it darkly during the trial. Just before the Federal court hearing, he subpoenaed Doubleday's records about its negotiations with Farber, *The Times* and his literary agent. Doubleday made some mewling noises about the First Amendment and handed over the records.

Enraged, Judge Lacey shouted from the bench that Farber was "standing on the altar of greed," that he had "misled judge after judge," that he had performed not as a reporter but as an "investigative arm of the state," that he had "joined forces against a defendant," that he had disclosed "substantially all of the alleged confidential information and unpublished notes" to Doubleday, thereby "demolishing" his First Amendment protection and that, all in all, he had "rendered evil."

There wasn't a single fact to support any of these smears. Of course, reporters often write books about stories they have covered, and to claim that this is wrong is to claim that reporters—unlike, say, judges—have no right to be paid for their work. There was nothing, beyond Brown's unsupported claims in court, to suggest that Farber had misled any judge, or that he had ever performed as an investigator for the state, or that he had conspired against a defendant. Above all, there was nothing in the Doubleday contract, or in any other standard book contract, requiring an author to disclose confidential sources. But Judge Lacey made no attempt to get at the truth. Instead, he smashed his judicial fist in the face of a man who stood helpless before him. Fearful that Lacey was going to find Farber in contempt of this court too, his lawyers withdrew the *habeas corpus* petition, and he went back to jail. From there, he arranged to have the seven chapters of the book he had written by then delivered to Judge Arnold to prove that no confidential sources had been revealed. The judge offered the manuscript to Brown, who refused to look at it, and Arnold returned the parcel unopened. Apparently, no one wanted to know the truth.

In going over the files that Doubleday had surrendered to Lacey, *The Times*'s lawyers discovered that the documents duplicated the only papers that *The Times* possessed on its involvement in the Dr. X case. These dealt, almost entirely, with arrangements between *The Times* and Farber about his book, between *The Times* and Doubleday, between Farber

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and Doubleday, and between Farber and *The Times* and his agent. Since these materials were the same as those subpoenaed by Brown, and since they had now been turned over to a court by another party, the lawyers concluded that *The Times* could comply with the subpoena without sacrificing principle. They turned the file over to Arnold and asked Judge Trautwein to purge the paper of its contempt citation and to stop the daily $5,000 fine.

At a hearing on this motion, Trautwein told them that the slim file submitted to Judge Arnold was "worthless." He added, "It defies reason, common sense, and probability that a newspaper . . . would have the effrontery to turn over this useless material and say we have complied. . . . The files of *The New York Times* were clearly and unequivocably sanitized. I don't know whether there was a break-in or what happened, but the sanitizing must lay at the feet of *The New York Times*."

It was as vile a smear as Lacey's, for it accused *The Times*, its publisher and its lawyers of committing a serious crime: destroying evidence in a criminal case. Like Lacey, Trautwein made no effort to get at the truth. Instead, he merely assumed that newspapers, like courts or other government agencies, keep records of everything—conversations, decisions, orders—and that multiple copies are made, filed and kept forever. The briefest inquiry—a phone call to the editor of a local paper—would have quickly revealed that newspaper reporters, who work under inflexible deadline pressures, have no time to put much on paper besides what is to be published. Trautwein didn't find that out because he didn't try to find it out; and he didn't try to find it out, I suspect, because he didn't want to know.

Next, John Degnan, Attorney General of New Jersey, asked the state Appellate Division to send the matter back to Judge Arnold for a hearing on the issues raised by the subpoenas. The court refused, without comment. Now joined by *The Times*, he appealed to the State Supreme Court, which unexpectedly agreed to review the case, and ordered Farber freed until a decision had been handed down. When it finally was, the court ruled that Farber and *The Times* must obey the subpoenas before any hearing on them could be held and, in effect, said that the state shield law applied to all reporters except Farber. Shocked and dismayed, Justice Pashman wrote in an angry dissent, "I find it totally unimaginable that the majority can even consider allowing a man to be sent to jail without a full and orderly hearing, at which to present his defense. Mr. Farber probably assumed, as I did, that hearings were supposed to be held and findings made *before* a person went to jail and not *afterwards*." All that Farber and *The Times* had asked for was what they were indisputably entitled to but never got: a due-process hearing on the subpoenas.

Farber went back to jail. When the Jascalevich trial finally ended and the jurors retired to deliberate, Judge Trautwein stopped the daily fines against *The Times*. (By then, it had paid the State of New Jersey $286,000.) He ordered Farber brought to his courtroom, and there, after chastising him for putting "your privilege and your concept of your constitutional rights . . . above the rights of the people of this state," the judge released him from jail and suspended his additional six-month sentence. An hour later, the jury came in with a verdict of "not guilty" on all counts.

Mario Jascalevich, who had been accused of mass murder but had been out on bail all along, was entirely free. Myron Farber, who had done his duty as a reporter and had spent forty days in jail for it, was free, too—except for the suspended sentence on his record.

The Farber case was not a miscarriage of justice, it was an abortion. In my opinion, one careless judge made a foolish mistake, and his judicial colleagues drew their wagons around him under the pretext of protecting a defendant's rights. Since judges have long been notoriously contemptuous of such rights—the Supreme Court struggled for generations to control lower-court judges' widespread abuses of those rights, with very limited success—the overwhelming solicitude about Jascalevich's rights led me to wonder if the judges involved here hadn't something else in mind. Public officials don't like the press: it watches them, it reports on them, it makes mistakes, it hurts them. And once it even drove a President out of office. I am not suggesting that a conscious conspiracy affected the Farber case but merely that many of these judges may have felt the same way and may have responded in the same way without exchanging a word about it. The press had usurped their power, and here was *The New York Times*—the epitome of that press—openly defying one of them. It didn't matter which one or how wrong he was; only the defiance of *their* power mattered. In the end, the Farber case convinced me that Lord Acton was wrong: Power doesn't tend to corrupt, it tends to make people crazy. □

House Races

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

enter the lists this year with a number of handicaps:

§ Reagan's slippage in the polls. He has fallen to a 41 percent approval rating in the Gallup Poll—the lowest for any President since such polls began in the 1940s.

§ An aroused opposition. The Administration's policies have offended minority groups, senior citizens, women, environmentalists, activists and labor. The Reaganites' stand on issues like the E.R.A., Social Security, the Voting Rights Act, the environment, the nuclear freeze and many others should help turn out this core Democratic constituency. At the same time, Reagan's caution on the "social issues" has disappointed members of the fundamentalist New Right, and they might sit out the 1982 elections.

The Republicans, however, possess assets that probably will blunt a major Democratic revival.

Mark Green is president of the Democracy Project, a public-policy institute, and the author, most recently, of Winning Back America *(Bantam). Robert Nelson of the Project provided extensive research assistance for the survey of Congressional races.*

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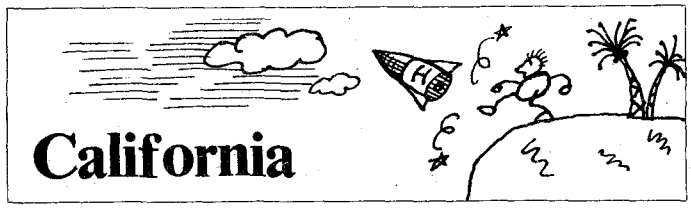
§ Money. Political analyst Alan Baron has calculated that the G.O.P. spending advantage in marginal districts grew from $31,000 in 1976 to $114,000 in 1980. This year Republicans may financially swamp their opponents. Corporate political action committees (PACs) give predominantly to Republicans and are multiplying like rabbits, while the number of union PACs remains static. Spending by conservative groups will far outstrip that of comparable liberal groups. The Republican Party committees have $31 million to spread around on House and Senate races, while the Democratic Party has only $3 million.

§ Reagan. People still like him more than they like his policies, and they also think his policies might yet work. The campaign manager of one important Democratic contender in New York said, "Our polls tell us that you get no points for kicking Reagan, so we talk about 'Republican policies.'"

The Democrats, of course, are counting on voter unhappiness with the economy to overcome the G.O.P.'s financial advantage and Reagan's personal popularity. Democratic National Committee chairman Charles Manatt remarked last month that "the election will be a referendum on President Reagan's economic policy." Reagan counters that his party needs more than two years to reverse half a century of liberal boondoggling. This argument is having some effect: the Field Poll in California, as well as Richard Wirthlin's polls for the Reagan team, show that three times as many people blame Carter as they do Reagan for the current recession. Also, the recent easing of interest rates, along with the drop in inflation, enable Republicans to claim that recovery is on the way and that their party should be allowed to finish the job. The judgment on Reaganomics will probably have to wait until 1984. Meanwhile, the outcome of the races in the twenty districts discussed below will tell us if 1982 is the year of the progressive revival.



Marty Martinez vs. John Rousselot (30th District)

Marty Martinez was elected to the House from the Thirtieth on July 13, 1982, in a special election following the resignation of George Danielson. In November he will be running against the fiery John Rousselot, a former member of the John Birch Society. As a result of redistricting following the 1980 census, Representative Rousselot finds himself running for re-election in a new district, where 62 percent of the voters are Democrats and 45 percent are Hispanic, as is Martinez. Given his ultraconservative voting record, he is clearly vulnerable, though his prospects are by no means hopeless. He should be able to raise a lot of campaign money from the hard-core right.

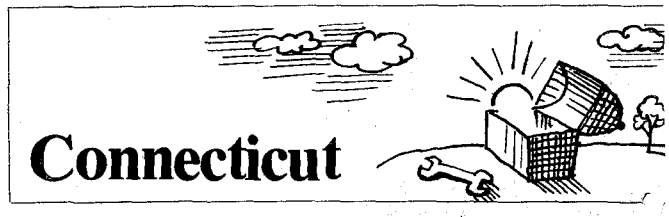
From 1971 through 1974, Martinez worked for the Monterey Park Planning Commission; he was then elected to the City Council and went on to serve two years as Mayor. In 1980 he ran for the California State Assemb and defeated a sixteen-year incumbent. The Speaker of th Assembly has called Martinez "one of the brightest ar most capable assemblymen to serve in many years."

Martinez is campaigning against the Administration economic policies, arguing that Rousselot has served as "mouthpiece for the rich and conservative." He points ou for example, that Rousselot supported a move to elimina the cost-of-living increases for Social Security recipients and the Thirtieth has a large concentration of elderly voter Martinez says his highest priority is putting people back work. "We need people in Washington from grass-roo backgrounds who'll speak for the common man," he said an interview. "I know the people in my district. I've con the way they have."

Barbara Boxer vs. Dennis McQuaid (6th District)

This seat is now held by John Burton, a Democrat who retiring. The new Democratic candidate, Barbara Boxer the first woman ever elected to the presidency of the Mar County Board of Supervisors—will benefit from redistric ing. There are twice as many registered Democrats as R publicans in the district. Polls show Boxer with a substanti lead over the inexperienced McQuaid, who, Boxer say "wants to get his political apprenticeship in the House Representatives."

Boxer was a Wall Street stockbroker until, she said, thr things happened that prompted her to enter politics: Mart Luther King was killed, Robert Kennedy was killed ar Lyndon Johnson stepped up America's involvement in Vie nam. She dismisses as "nonsense" the Administration claim that a nuclear freeze would put the United States in position of military inferiority. She has been active in effor to place a freeze initiative on the California ballot this fal "As a child of the Fifties, I looked forward to the futu with confidence," she says. "In a classroom I visited recen ly, 84 percent of the children thought there would be nuclear war. We have to freeze first. People deserve a futu without fear." Boxer attributes the huge budget defic directly to Reagan's defense program, which, she say "maximizes overkill." She wants to cut funds from th defense budget and use the money to create a new W.P.A to reduce unemployment.



Bill Curry vs. Nancy Johnson (6th District)

This year, Connecticut's Sixth will be without progressiv spokesman Toby Moffett, who is challenging Senato Lowell Weicker. Yet the Democratic nominee for the sea State Senator Bill Curry, has been called "the most liber person running for the House this year" by John Engber Mo Udall's Independent Action PAC.

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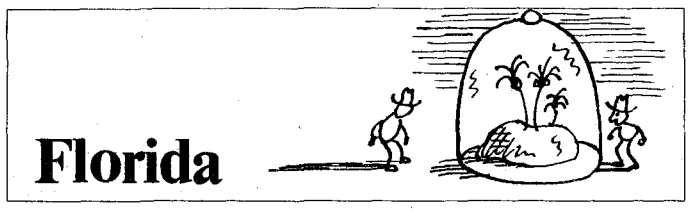
After a difficult three-way primary, Curry faces Nancy Johnson, a moderate State Senator from the largest city in the district, New Britain, which has three times as many registered Democrats as Republicans. Johnson has support from several women's groups and business PACs. And the Republican National Committee has placed her in a select group of candidates who are considered most likely to pick up a previously Democratic seat and who will thus receive extra financial help. So the fact that the Sixth is heavily Democratic—121,000 to 92,000 in registered voters—does not guarantee a Democratic victory.

Curry does not confine himself to criticizing the Administration's budgets and policies; he also offers thoughtful alternatives. For example, he advocates using tax policy to foster job training and development—especially in "sunrise industries" such as computers, silicon chips and solar energy. To a degree unusual for a Congressional candidate, Curry can be philosophical in his speeches, ruminating on the quality of life and essential human values. In the State Senate he has been a leading proponent of "right to know" legislation concerning toxic wastes.



George Sheldon vs. Curt Kaiser (9th District)

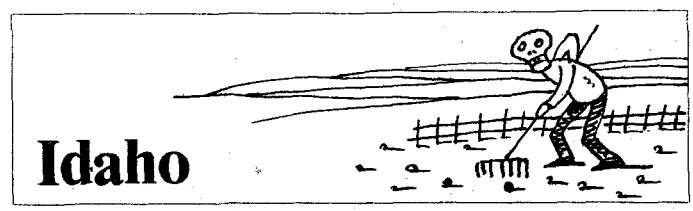
George Sheldon is the Democratic nominee for this new seat in the Tampa area. He has been voted Florida legislator of the year by the Sierra Club for the past two years and has sponsored legislation to protect the coastal barrier islands. He has also introduced a bill that would impose fines on businesses that illegally dump hazardous wastes, require dumpers to clean up their wastes and prohibit hazardous-waste landfills. Summing up his views on the environment, Sheldon says, "I'm practical. I want to live with the environment."

With 60 percent of the voters in the district over age 55, Sheldon and his senior-citizen volunteers have obtained more than 10,000 signatures in support of the George Sheldon Florida Resolution to Protect Social Security and Medicare. The Social Security issue is so potent here that the likely Republican nominee, Curt Kaiser, who has otherwise supported the Administration, disagrees with the President's position.

Criticizing the recent tax bill, Sheldon said, "It gets people who were really cheating—like waiters and cigarette smokers." Claude Pepper, Florida's most liberal Congressman, proclaims, "George Sheldon is a Claude Pepper Democrat."

Sheldon describes himself as a progressive who will be tightfisted with tax dollars. He would transfer some government activities to the private sector: for instance, "If students don't pay back loans, we shouldn't cut the program. We should turn over collections to a private institution. I believe only in government that works."

When asked in an interview if he thought he could be a progressive Congressman in this marginal district, he said, "I'd rather vote my conscience and serve two years and retire . . . I'll be a progressive. If I'm not, call me back to remind me."



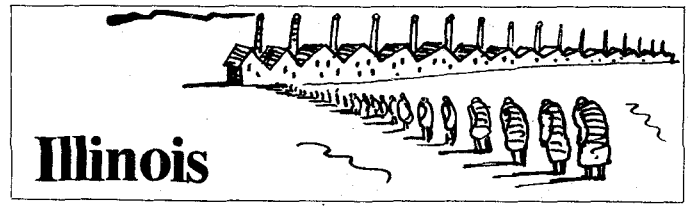
Larry LaRocco vs. Larry Craig (1st District)

In 1980, Republican Larry Craig outspent his opponent by a more than three-to-one margin and yet received only 53.6 percent of the vote (Reagan got 62 percent in this district). In an off-year election, voters could switch their allegiance; they have turned to Democrats in the past.

The two main threats Craig faces are his opponent and himself. He is the most reactionary incumbent of all those discussed here. His voting record has won him a 90 percent approval rating from the John Birch Society. Recently, he embarrassed himself politically by announcing that he wasn't involved in the Congressional-page scandal. No one had said that he was.

Opponent Larry LaRocco says he thinks Craig is vulnerable "because I'm a helluva candidate." LaRocco served as Senator Frank Church's northern Idaho field representative for six years. He began campaigning last fall and won considerable press attention by "working" at a variety of blue-collar jobs—as a miner, waiter, cook, farmer and the like. LaRocco says that the race "tests whether the New Right has a hold on Idaho, or whether people in the district still care about the environment."

LaRocco says the United States should abide by SALT II, and he actively supports the nuclear freeze campaign. He is also concerned about the plight of small businesses and farms. He supports the E.R.A. As a Catholic, he does not approve of abortion, although he does not favor any of the pending bills or constitutional amendments that would ban abortions.



Doug Stephens vs. Robert Michel (18th District)

Ann Lewis of the Democratic National Committee has said of this race, "No election will have greater effect on the future votes of Congress than the defeat of Bob Michel," the House minority leader. Labor lawyer and activist Doug Stephens has a better chance of unseating Michel than anyone the incumbent has faced in the past two decades.

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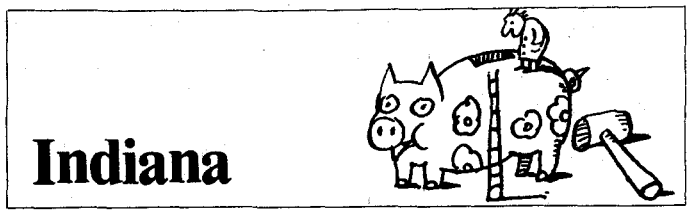
Reaganomics has not fared too well in once recession-proof Peoria, where unemployment is at 16 percent—higher than the state or national average. Agribusiness is worried because grain prices have hit a ten-year low. When Reagan imposed an embargo on parts for the Soviet natural gas pipeline, Caterpillar, a local contractor, was hurt. And people in the district know that no one in the House is a more staunch supporter of Reagan than Michel.

Redistricting has hurt the incumbent: 40 percent of the district's population is new to him, as is 60 percent of its territory. Michel also has an unusually high negative rating in polls—53 percent in one of them—suggesting that he suffers from the familiar problem of a Washington heavyweight who has lost touch with his district. Michel is still the favorite, but he is running scared. For the first time since 1958, he has opened a campaign headquarters.

Stephens is a strong supporter of the nuclear freeze, unlike Michel, who said he was for a freeze but then voted for the Administration's alternative, the Broomfield resolution, and for the appropriation of $1.14 billion for nine MX missiles. When Michel denounced the freeze because of "dangerous hysteria and fear among some of the advocates of a freeze, and that can only lead to war," Stephens countered that the defense budget is insane, not the freeze advocates. Stephens also speaks favorably of economic democracy and is strongly pro-choice. He has $50,000 in the bank and thinks he'll need $200,000 to be competitive in the stretch drive late in October.

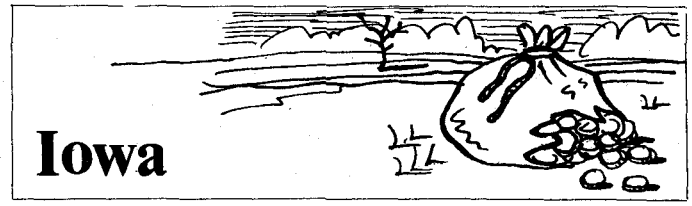


Frank McCloskey vs. Joel Deckard (8th District)

Frank McCloskey, the popular three-term liberal Mayor of Bloomington, appeals to both Democrats and Republicans and has a reputation of being a politician who gets things done—in sharp contrast to the "gypsy moth" incumbent, Joel Deckard, whose Congressional record is undistinguished.

The primary target of McCloskey's campaign is the Reagan budget. Like nearly all House Republicans, Deckard supported the 1981 tax and budget cuts; as Mayor, McCloskey demonstrated that his priorities are different. He improved Bloomington's public transportation system and transformed its Human Resources Department, which aids low- and middle-income people, into a highly successful operation that has been awarded more state and Federal funding than has any similar department in a city of comparable size. While accomplishing all this, McCloskey managed to keep taxes down. Thus, he can support the nuclear freeze, a position shared by only one third of the voters in his district, and still remain popular in conservative Bloomington.

The League of Conservation Voters endorsed Deckard because he was tolerable on environmental matters, saying that "you don't throw out something that's half-broken." Then James Watt, to the league's chagrin, spoke at a Deckard fund-raiser. As a result of redistricting, about 20 percent of the voters are new to the district, but it still has a Republican majority. A McCloskey poll in late May showed Deckard slightly ahead. McCloskey has raised $70,000, has $5,000 in the bank and needs a total of $200,000 for the general election campaign. He expects the incumbent will have as much as $400,000 to spend.



Lynn Cutler vs. Cooper Evans (3rd District)

Iowa's Third is predominantly agricultural and traditionally Republican. It was represented by conservative curmudgeon H. R. Gross for a quarter of a century. Yet in the Republican sweep of 1980, incumbent Cooper Evans could only beat Black Rock County Supervisor Lynn Cutler by 2 percent—even though he outspent her by a three-to-one margin. Now she's running again.

Active for twenty years in local politics, Cutler has recently built a substantial reputation in Washington as a vice-chair of the Democratic National Committee. Ranny Cooper of the Women's Campaign Fund calls her "the very best woman candidate."

Cutler directs most of her fire at inequities in the 1981 Federal budget. With the proportion of elderly people in the district among the highest in the nation, the threat of cuts in Social Security benefits is a major issue—as are Reagan's farm policies. Many farmers paid out more in interest on loans than they earned from farming in 1981. There are also two universities suffering from cutbacks in student aid.

Cutler has raised an impressive $200,000 and has $35,000 in the bank for the campaign. Under the state's redistricting plan, Johnson County, which usually votes Democrat, has been incorporated into the district, while Cerrogordo County, a Republican bastion, has been made part of another district. Still, the district is only 48.5 percent Democratic. But if Cutler runs as strongly in 1982 as she did in 1980, she will win.

Bob Carr vs. Jim Dunn (6th District)

Jim Dunn caught three-term liberal Democratic Congressman Bob Carr napping in 1980—unexpectedly winning by a 2 percent margin in the Republican landslide. Carr

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has been working indefatigably ever since to reverse the verdict.

Dunn gives the appearance of being callous about the district's biggest problem—lack of jobs. In May 1981, at a town meeting in Lansing, where unemployment runs 15 percent, a member of the audience asked, "Who wants tanks and nukes and waste dumps? We want food on the table. I can't eat bombs." Representative Dunn replied, "Fine, you don't want it. I want it." The latest poll shows Carr ahead by four percentage points.

Carr, who gained prominence as a liberal critic of the military when he sat on the House Armed Services Committee, campaigns against the Administration's priorities in general, and specifically against its cuts in student aid, which affect more than half of Michigan State's students. He has been a leading figure in Michigan's nuclear freeze movement. Dunn, like several other vulnerable first-term Republicans, did a U-turn on the freeze. At a town meeting, he said he would sign the petition; then he voted for the Broomfield resolution. But even flip-flopping has its virtues: the Administration has selected Dunn as one of the ten most vulnerable incumbents, whom it will make a major effort to re-elect.

Although Carr is an energetic campaigner, he receives negative ratings in the polls, which some observers attribute to his abrasiveness. By early September, Carr had raised $110,000, but he needs close to $300,000. Dunn spent $345,000 in 1980 (twice as much as Carr did), and he expects to spend about the same amount in this campaign.

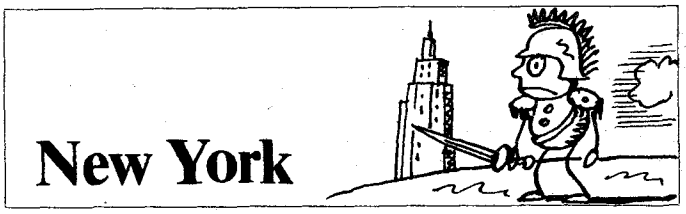
Robert Torricelli vs. Harold Hollenbeck (9th District)

The problem with incumbent Republican Harold Hollenbeck is that "sometimes he's with you, and sometimes he's not," says Democratic opponent Robert Torricelli. "And that's not good enough."

Torricelli was a counsel to former Vice President Walter Mondale and former New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne. A strong environmentalist, he campaigns on the issue of toxic wastes in the district and attacks Hollenbeck's mediocre approval rating of 45 percent from the League of Conservation Voters—the lowest of any New Jersey representative. Torricelli has also been campaigning against the Reagan economic program, which Hollenbeck supported throughout 1981. Since then, Hollenbeck has sought to put distance between himself and the Administration.

A tireless campaigner, Torricelli expects to visit 20,000 households by election day. So far he's raised $130,000, largely due to help from notables including Mo Udall, Paul Tsongas, Walter Mondale, John Glenn and former D.N.C. chairman Robert Strauss. His substantial Washington experience is both an asset and a burden, however. A major drawback is his lack of name recognition in the district.

Hollenbeck is popular, relatively moderate and one of the few Republicans with friendly ties to labor. But as a result of redistricting, 60 percent of the district will be new to Hollenbeck. Voter registration shows 94,000 Democrats and 67,000 Republicans; nearly half the registered voters in the district classify themselves as Independents. The most recent Torricelli poll indicated he has "better than a 50 percent shot" at winning.



Bob Mrazek vs. John LeBoutillier (3rd District)

In his 1980 campaign, everything broke 27-year-old John LeBoutillier's way: Republicans routed Democrats nationally, and he faced an overconfident incumbent, Lester Wolff, an eight-term veteran who was vulnerable to charges of junketing. LeBoutillier quickly became a darling of the Republican right and raised scads of money which he plowed into effective TV ads. After ousting Wolff by a margin of 53 percent to 47 percent, LeBoutillier parlayed brashness, a talent for insults and a far-right agenda into widespread attention in the national media. He called Senator Charles Percy "a wimp and a shrimp," Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill "a skunk" and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan "a drunken bum." He said his goal was the Presidency.

Now, two years later, he may not even be re-elected. First, the albatross of scandal hangs round his neck. LeBoutillier loaned his campaign $227,000 in the final two weeks of the 1980 race. Either the money came from a personal trust fund, in which case he violated House rules by failing to report the fund as an asset in the statement of his personal net worth filed with the House Ethics Committee, or it was given to him by his wealthy family, which would be a violation of the Federal Election Campaign Act, which limits all gifts from individuals other than the candidate to $1,000 per election.

Second, there is the self-inflicted wound of his vote on the Zablocki resolution, the House version of the Kennedy-Hatfield nuclear freeze proposal. An original supporter of the bill, he voted against it in its decisive 204–202 defeat in the House, explaining that "in times of need, you help the party." A week later, however, his spokesman criticized the National Committee for an Effective Congress because its targeting of freeze opponents "politicized an issue that should not be political."

Third, he faces a very appealing and credible local rival, Suffolk County legislator Bob Mrazek. Mrazek, a veteran, calls LeBoutillier an "armchair warrior," pointing out that although he never served in the armed forces, he has advocated U.S. military intervention in Cuba, Afghanistan, El Salvador and Angola. Mrazek also contrasts his own record

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on preservation of the environment—he has fought against the dumping of dredge spoils in Long Island Sound by the Army Corps of Engineers, for example—with what an aide calls "LeBoutillier's indifference to quality-of-life issues on Long Island and emphasis on a national right-wing agenda."

Mrazek has raised only $52,000 and will need to convince the labor and liberal PACs that he can win in order to attract the rest of the $250,000 he needs for the campaign. Polls indicate that LeBoutillier not only has high negative ratings but that he is not well known among voters in his district. Articles in *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone* and *The Wall Street Journal* made him a familiar name to politicians, but not necessarily to Long Island voters who read only *Newsday*.

Arnie Miller vs. Ray McGrath (5th District)

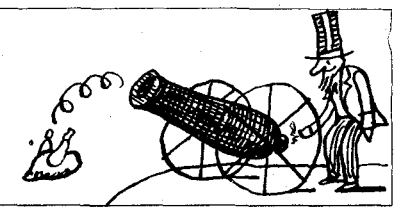
In 1980, State Assemblyman Ray McGrath, who had views like Reagan's and a coiffure like Jack Kemp's, easily won a 58 percent to 42 percent victory over his well-known Democratic rival, State Senator Karen Burstein. He had the strong support of Nassau County Republican boss Joe Margiotta and spent lavishly on advertisements attacking his opponent for being soft on child pornography because she had voted against a state legislature bill to ban it.

McGrath faces another strong Democrat this year in Arnie Miller, but unlike 1980, Margiotta is now a convicted felon and Miller has done nothing that could be construed as lending comfort to pornographers. Miller is an issue-oriented progressive with the street smarts of a political organizer. He grew up in the district, attended Hempstead High School and Hofstra University, and ran Representative Allard Lowenstein's district office from 1969 through 1971. From August 1978 through January 1981 he was head of personnel in the Carter White House.

Miller got a late start and has raised only $40,000, but his numerous political contacts at the national level, including many high-ranking Carter officials, should enable him to come close to achieving his campaign goal of $300,000. He has lined up Mondale to host a fund-raiser for him, and Peter, Paul and Mary will perform at a benefit concert. On the issues, Miller attacks McGrath's support of Reagan's student loan cuts (there are 41,000 undergraduate and graduate students attending the district's four universities), his continued loyalty to his patron, Margiotta, and his waffling on the nuclear freeze.

McGrath has three other political headaches. Redistricting increased the number of Democrats in the Fifth to the point that the traditionally Republican district now has only a 53 percent to 47 percent Republican edge in registration, if Independents are excluded from the total. The Republican National Committee held up its first contribution to McGrath because of his opposition to Reagan's tax bill this year; McGrath eventually voted against the bill. Also, two black candidates in a new minority assembly district are registering a sizable number of new voters, which Miller partisans hope will add 15,000 new Democrats to the rolls by November.

Ohio



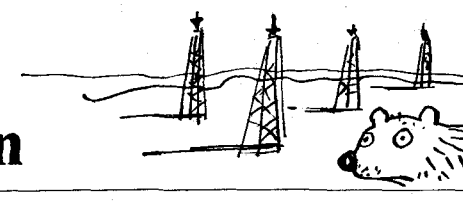
Ed Feighan vs. Richard Anter (19th District)

The new Nineteenth was formed by merging the districts of two Democratic incumbents, Ron Mottl and Dennis Eckart. When Eckart decided to run in another district, Ed Feighan, who has served as Cuyahoga County Commissioner for the past four years, challenged Mottl in the party primary, charging that the incumbent "had abandoned the principles of the Democratic Party." Feighan, who served in the Ohio legislature from 1973 through 1978, campaigned as an unabashed liberal and defeated the eight-year incumbent—even though Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, preferring incumbency to philosophy, endorsed Mottl. Now Mottl is campaigning for Feighan.

The Republican nominee is Fairview Park Mayor Richard Anter, who is campaigning as the voice of the suburbs. Although Anter has little name recognition among voters, the district is a marginal one.

Feighan is campaigning against Reaganomics and what he terms the Administration's "screwed-up priorities"—providing assistance to those least vulnerable in the society, including the military. He is a vocal supporter of a nuclear freeze and is opposed to weakening environmental standards. Feighan is experienced, well known and well liked—but he has only $2,000 in the bank as a result of a $24,000 debt incurred in the primary campaign. If he can raise the funds, Feighan will be the favorite.

Oregon



Larryann Willis vs. Bob Smith (2nd District)

Larryann Willis is so handy with the lariat that she challenged her opponent, State Senator Bob Smith, to a steer-roping contest. He demurred.

Although Willis has never held elected office, in 1980 she served as a Democratic committeewoman and as an alternate Kennedy delegate to the party's convention. A farmer and a teacher of agriculture, she describes herself as a progressive on social issues but—a recurrent theme among this year's crop of progressives—"tight with other people's money." She believes that Reagan is using unemployment (which hovers just under 20 percent in her district) to drive inflation down. High interest rates are hurting farmers in the district, and Willis says that one of her priorities, if elected, will be to insure the survival of working farms and ranches. Democrats make up 48 percent of the district's registered voters; Republicans total 38 percent.

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Smith is wide open to attack for his inconsistency on the issues. Although he voted for the nuclear freeze in the State Senate, in the Republican primary election Smith supported the President's position. Then he announced that he disagreed with Reagan after all and backed a freeze. Then on August 4, he decided that a "freeze is not really what we want—we want reduction," and supported Reagan once again. On one occasion Smith voted for the E.R.A., but when it came up for ratification before the State Senate a second time, he announced that he opposed it because he "doesn't support constitutional amendments to attain social goals." Yet he does favor the balanced budget amendment.

Although she has campaigned for months, Willis has raised only $65,000. But this is not a district where lavish campaign spending is necessary, and a war chest of $120,000 will be sufficient, she feels. Smith may need double that amount, for the most recent Willis poll shows her leading by three percentage points.

Ruth McFarland vs. Denny Smith (5th District)

Democratic State Senator Ruth McFarland won an impressive 38 percent of the vote in a five-way primary. On the stump she often talks about the nation's decaying infrastructure, a condition she blames on the "mad, massive military budget," which "can only lead to bankruptcy or war." She is also an active supporter of the Kennedy-Hatfield nuclear freeze, on which Oregon voters will have their say in a referendum this fall. Incumbent Denny Smith was the only Oregon Representative to vote against the freeze in Congress.

McFarland called Smith's vote to allow oil and gas leases in wilderness areas "disgraceful," and attacked him for being the recipient of the fourth largest oil and gas PAC contribution in the House. In response to his Committee on Political Education rating of zero, Smith said, "I'm proud of it." McFarland has a 91 percent COPE rating. The decisive issue in the election may be the economy. The polls show McFarland slightly ahead.

McFarland, a farmer who has a Ph.D. in genetics, has raised about $85,000. She thinks she can win if she's outspent by "only four to one." Smith, who spent $663,000 in his narrow upset of House Ways and Means Committee chairman Al Ullman in 1980, may well exceed that figure this year.

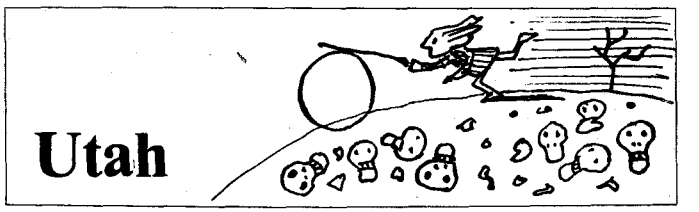
Peter Kostmayer vs. Jim Coyne (8th District)

Former Democratic Representative Peter Kostmayer lost his seat in 1980 by 3,992 votes, though he received 49 percent of the district's vote compared with Jimmy Carter's 32 percent. He was lulled by polls showing him far ahead with two weeks to go, and then was outspent two to one. But he has been running hard to recapture the seat ever since—and has been aided greatly by his opponent, Representative Coyne.

Kostmayer characterizes the Republican incumbent as a "chameleon"—with good reason. On the morning of the House nuclear freeze vote in August, Coyne boasted over a local radio station that he was one of the first five Republicans to sign the freeze resolution. But after initially voting for it, he switched his vote in the fifteen minutes between the first and the final vote. Not content with merely changing his mind, Coyne then accused Kostmayer in a local newspaper interview of being "allied with an ultraliberal, left-wing movement that wants to relinquish responsibility for maintaining our strength in the face of Soviet aggression."

In another sudden volte-face, Coyne, who had claimed that he opposed the MX missile, voted on July 21 for the Stratton Amendment, which authorized funds for the MX—and then changed his vote when it was clear the Administration had enough support to pass the bill without him.

Kostmayer, who was a leading environmental and consumer spokesman during his tenure in the House, has so far matched Coyne in raising funds—an impressive $250,000 to date—and has done well with labor PACs. Redistricting cost the Republicans 5,000 registered voters, and, according to the polls, Kostmayer is slightly ahead.



Frances Farley vs. Dan Marriott (2nd District)

This district will have one of the most interesting races in the country. Democrat Frances Farley—the first woman to be elected to Utah's Senate in twenty-five years, and the first to be re-elected—is an outspoken progressive in the very heart of Mormon country. The incumbent, Representative Dan Marriott, is an ultra-Reaganite with a 5 percent approval rating from the Americans for Democratic Action. He sided with Reagan on key issues 93 percent of the time, according to *Congressional Quarterly*.

In February the polls showed Marriott leading Farley by thirty-eight percentage points. The most recent poll, taken at the end of July, showed her within ten points. The race appears to be a tossup.

Farley has spoken out strongly on defense issues. As a State Senator, she was the first elected official in the country to come out against the mobile basing mode for the MX missile, and she led the successful "Stop MX" campaign in Utah. She is a vigorous advocate of the nuclear freeze, while Marriott has flip-flopped. After the headline "Marriott Supports Freeze" appeared in a recent issue of his newsletter, he voted against the Zablocki freeze resolution.

Farley currently sits on Democratic Governor Scott Matheson's Nuclear Task Force and opposes storing nuclear

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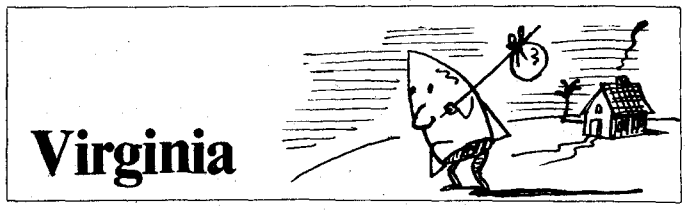
wastes in Gibson Dome, just outside of Canyonlands National Park. She also founded the Utah Women's Political Caucus and is pro-choice, an extremely sensitive position in conservative Utah. Marriott is working hard to exploit the issue.

Farley has $40,000 in the bank, has raised $150,000 in all and hopes for another $100,000 by November. Marriott will have $350,000, but Farley has a grass-roots army of 3,500 volunteers, who are out ringing doorbells every day.



Herb Harris vs. Stan Parris (8th District)

The largest voting constituency in the Eighth is made up of Federal employees and retirees, so the key issue in this race is Stan Parris's nearly unqualified support of the Administration's advocacy of cuts in Social Security and the Federal Retirement Program benefits.

Parris beat three-term Congressman Herb Harris in 1980 by 1,094 votes, in a district that gave Ronald Reagan his biggest majority in Virginia—55.8 percent. This time, of course, Parris will not have Reagan's coattails, nor will he have the very conservative part of Prince William County, which was merged with another district.

Despite their rhyming names, the two men present a sharp contrast in philosophies. Parris is a board member of Conservatives Against Liberal Legislation, an affiliate of the National Conservative Political Action Committee. He was one of twenty-four House members to vote against the extension of the Voting Rights Act. Parris also opposes the E.R.A. and has labeled the nuclear freeze "unilateral disarmament."

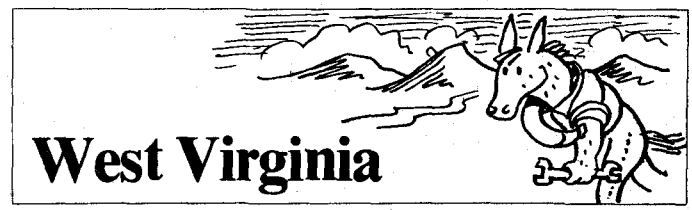
Harris calls himself a progressive. He's strongly pro-choice, has supported SALT II and opposed the B-1 bomber. (However, he has yet to endorse the freeze firmly.) He labeled the 1981 tax bill a "$12 billion give-away to the oil companies." In 1980, he was outspent by more than two to one. This time he already has $200,000 in his campaign coffers, nearly double the amount he had raised at the same point two years ago. He wants $400,000 to go against Parris's $600,000 to $700,000.

Ira Lechner vs. Frank Wolf (10th District)

Frank Wolf beat Democratic incumbent Joel Fisher by just two percentage points in 1980, even though he spent $600,000—nearly twice as much as Fisher did. This time there will be no coattails, nor will Ira Lechner, a former two-term member of the Virginia legislature, be outspent by that margin. In his two unsuccessful bids for Lieutenant Governor, Lechner carried the district.

The Tenth is very much a swing district—in 1978, Fisher beat Wolf by six percentage points. A leading topic locally is Reaganomics, which Wolf has, with few exceptions, supported and which has not been good to Federal retirees, who make up a sizable voting bloc here. Wolf voted for a 4 percent cap on cost-of-living increases in government workers' pensions, an action that will hurt him. A prominent local issue is noise control at Washington's National Airport, which is located in the district. While Wolf has watched from the sidelines, Lechner has put together a comprehensive plan to minimize noise that has attracted attention and that is now being considered by the Federal Aviation Authority.

Lechner has been endorsed by environmentalists, peace groups, women's groups and labor. He supports the nuclear freeze and opposes the B-1 bomber and the MX missile. He coined the phrase, "MX: a missile without a home." While Lechner is well connected and has raised $190,000, he is encountering organizational problems. Polls show him trailing, though within striking distance of his opponent.



Bob Wise vs. Mick Staton (3rd District)

With one of every three miners out of work in a district where coal companies are the main employers, Reaganomics is not especially popular. West Virginia's Third is a Democratic, New Deal-type district, with twice as many registered Democrats as Republicans. Bob Wise, who defeated State Senate president William Brotherton in the 1980 Democratic primary, is challenging conservative incumbent Mick Staton. To get there, Wise won a difficult three-way primary against the state legislature's majority leader and the former Sheriff of Kanawha County, even though he was outspent by each opponent three to one.

In the State Senate, Wise has been fighting utility rate increases; he collected 55,000 signatures on a petition opposing a rate hike. He has taken on the state's big power company, Columbia Gas, seeking to require it to buy gas from in-state suppliers, and he has sponsored legislation to start a Coal Development Authority. Describing himself as a fiscally responsible progressive, he formed an ad hoc committee that proposed cuts in the state budget.

Staton supported Reagan's reductions in spending on social programs. His recent vote to cut off funding for the Appalachian Regional Commission will be used by Wise to demonstrate his opponent's insensitivity to his constituents. Wise says he believes the race "measures the whole of Reagan's policies and how they affect middle- and low-income people. If Staton wins again, the Democratic Party will be in trouble. It will have lost its constituency." Unions and environmentalists are strongly backing the Democratic challenger.

Wise has between $30,000 and $40,000 in the bank, and wants to raise another $60,000 by the time of the election—giving him a total of about $100,000. Staton will have between $300,000 and $400,000. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Raw Material

RICHARD LINGEMAN

THE AMERICAN DIARIES, 1902-1926. *By Theodore Dreiser. Edited by Thomas P. Riggio. University of Pennsylvania Press. 471 pp. $28.50.*

The University of Pennsylvania Press, which gave us a "restored" edition of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* last year, has now performed a scholarly salvage operation on his diaries. It has brought up some buried treasure and a lot of useful factual ballast—dates, places, names. The material provides the most intimate autobiographical account we have of certain periods of Dreiser's life.

Dreiser was a compulsive diarist, but not a regular one. There are seven distinct fragments here, some of them hundreds of pages long, some merely terse travel logs; and there are gaps of days, months, even years between some of the entries. The extant material is limited to Dreiser's middle years (he was born in 1871 and died in 1945); two other diaries covering later trips to the Soviet Union and to Scandinavia are not included here. Three of the journals published in this volume are relatively recent discoveries, by scholarly time.

As it happens, the new material is by far the most interesting. First, there is the "medical journal" that Dreiser kept in 1902 and 1903 at the behest of a University of Pennsylvania medical school doctor who was treating him for neurasthenia—a state of depression triggered by, among other things, marital troubles, a tendency toward intense brooding, loss of confidence after the failure of *Sister Carrie* in 1900 and his inability to complete a second novel, *Jennie Gerhardt*.

In contrast to the liberated sexual buccaneer of later years, Dreiser the husband is haunted, in this segment, by a quaintly Victorian belief that his illness is due to "mental exhaustion from past excesses both of sexual passion and mental labor." As part of his cure, he avoids "trifling" with his wife, Sara, though without much success: "Woke feeling moderately well rested but was foolish enough to indulge in copulation which put me back a number of days no doubt in my recovery." He was also worried about his inability to write and thus to earn a living, as a Freudian slip attests. In listing the books he read during this period (interestingly, almost all of them are the novels of early realists) he mentions *Unleavened Bread*, by Robert Grant. In the next entry, this becomes "Bread winners."

The second "new" diary, which covers Dreiser's life in Greenwich Village in 1917 and 1918, has a curious provenance. The original, which has not survived, was transcribed by Dreiser's mistress and secretary, Estelle Bloom Kubitz—probably as an act of revenge for his many infidelities, all recorded in the diary. In 1920 she gave the typescript to H.L. Mencken, who had had an affair with her sister, Marion. Mencken, whose friendship with Dreiser had cooled by then, filed it away. When he rediscovered it in 1938, he methodically noted on the manuscript that "it may be of interest to someone writing about Dreiser in the future. It at least reveals his state of mind at a critical point in his career." Mencken probably had forgotten what was in the diary, for Dreiser makes few introspective revelations, other than brief allusions to being angry—at the patriotic displays accompanying America's entry into World War I, for example (Dreiser was pro-German)—or to being "blue." One event that gave him "a fierce case of blues all day" was the arrival of advance proofs of Mencken's essay on him that appeared in *A Book of Prefaces*. Although generally laudatory, it mocked Dreiser's elephantine style.

The third discovery encompasses Dreiser's year in Hollywood during the early 1920s and his love affair with Helen Richardson, an aspiring actress who became *prima inter pares* among his mistresses and whom he married a year before he died.

The diaries have no literary pretensions. They are hasty though often voluminous jottings, which Dreiser would "post" at the end of the day. They reveal much about what he did, whom he saw, whom he slept with, what he ate, what he bought and its price (often accompanied by an outraged exclamation point; Dreiser was counting his pennies during those years). He pauses occasionally from transcribing the events of the day to mention his moods, his depressions, his worries about his career, his health, his sexual potency (among the illustrative material included by the assiduous editors is a reproduction of Dreiser's Wassermann-test report—he passed). In 1922 the man whom the younger literary generation idolized as America's greatest realist could write: "At the moment see no very clear way out of money troubles or that I am making any real artistic headway with work. The relentless push against the individual on and away into dissolution hangs heavy on me."

But by then Dreiser had begun the book that was to reaffirm his greatness—*An American Tragedy*. Typically, the first reference to it, in an entry set down in Los Angeles in September 1920, is cursory: "I work on *'An American Tragedy.'*" There is little discussion of works in progress in these journals; the remainder of the entry reads:

> The manager of The Denver Transfer Co who tried to swindle me on hauling my trunks (820 W. 3rd) calls up & wants to smooth things over. I stall him off. Helen calls up. Wants me to meet her at the Stillwell. I do—at 7 P.M. We dine at Boos Brothers—in Hill St. Helen brings home her pretty last years blue dress, lined with fur. I dont like it. She gets very fussed up & depressed.

As that entry shows, the creative side of Dreiser remains largely hidden behind a screen of mundane details. The novelist chiefly emerges in descriptive passages scrawled during various journeys. Traveling seemed to rejuvenate his senses (the same could be said for the train of women he slept with). A recurrent motif, as Prof. Thomas P. Riggio points out in his introduction (a model of biographical criticism, incidentally) is the flight of birds, a symbol of escape and freedom.

But Dreiser also displays his keen eye for people and social conditions. There are telegraphic descriptions that evoke the atmosphere of small Southern towns

Richard Lingeman, The Nation's executive editor, is the author of Small Town America *(G.P. Putnam's Sons) and is currently at work on a biography of Theodore Dreiser.*

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and of Florida during the 1926 real-estate boom:

> The clerk of the Doreta [a hotel in Florida] tells of Southern life. 1000 carpenters leave Miami in 1 day for want of work. Ditto 600 plumbers. A man killed for stealing two loaves of bread. No trade wanted. "We sell sunshine down here." . . . The Constant line at the P.O. General Delivery. . . . A town site for sale, Hotel & all. "Wilson Street." "Roosevelt Street." . . . A new cemetery. How made. Piling sand in a swamp. . . . Land values. $5,000 a front foot for beach lots. Two to three thousend a front foot for town lots. No sewerage. Cesspools. $250. rent for a garage. Workingmen 60 per cent of what they earn. He makes $100 a week clear. Booze 12 a quart at Xmas. $4 a bottle other times—and plentiful.

These are obviously mnemonic jottings for future novels or journalism, but occasionally the Dreiserian world view bathes his impression in its gloomy light. Thus, when he writes of the condition of blacks in the South, he relates it to the dominant, puritanically repressed white culture:

> Segregation of blacks an odd but necessary custom. Character of Southerners—peaked, whiny, suspicious, jealous, touchy—an offensive company. All this is due to the perversion of naturalness following upon a promoralistic atmosphere. The result of sex suppression is jealousy, suspicion, envy, false witness, false pretense, a better than thou viewpoint. . . . The south as it stands today will be destroyed. It will pass away.

When Dreiser sticks to reportage, rather than cranky philosophizing, he can be more sociologically acute. He records this insight into the economic servitude of Southern blacks from the lips of a white Southerner: "A nigger he's like this. He buys moren he needs. Mostly you can talk him into it. Once he owes you five he cant git away. Five the law & you can hold him on that fer a year or so."

Erotic descriptions are frequent and blunt: "We screw, but without much zest. The original passion has peter[illegible] out." "P.M. we spend in our berth—I looking at Helens naked body. The beauty of it is simply maddening to me—unbelievable." Professor Riggio suggests that Dreiser recorded his amorous encounters compulsively and clinically because they provided "autoerotic stimulation" and protected

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him against "the sentimental, more vulnerable parts of his personality"—the "feminine" side of his nature, which gave him great empathy for women in his novels but provided no guarantee of serenity in his real life relationships. As the famous champion of sexual realism in literature, he was a magnet to the "advanced" young Greenwich Village women of the day. But by the time of the idyll with Helen in California, he was clearly worried about his capacity to satisfy this beautiful, fun-loving, sensuous woman more than twenty years younger than he. (In later years, according to W.A. Swanberg in *Dreiser*, he sought even younger women to stimulate his flagging libido.)

Also, Helen's long-shot movie career was beginning to prosper, while Dreiser's efforts to write film scripts were a flop. As she moved from extra roles to small speaking parts, she became immersed in a new world of illusion, narcissism, quick wealth and supercharged sexuality. At one point, after Helen had been coming home late from studio parties in the director's limousine, Dreiser records a story idea: a drab young clerk murders his beautiful wife, who has become a famous movie actress. Riggio suggests that Helen was the model for Sondra, the wealthy, finally unattainable girl Clyde Griffiths falls in love with in *An American Tragedy*. Dreiser's worries about his own aging and his lack of money made their liaison in California increasingly unbearable to him. One can conjecture that he decided to leave partly because he felt the Los Angeles lotus land was not conducive to work on *An American Tragedy* and partly to break the upper hand Helen's success had given her. At any rate, Helen abandoned her film career and followed him. As she wrote in her autobiography, "The movies had no real hold on me. I longed to develop spiritually, mentally and artistically. Where, I thought, could I do this better than at the side of so great a man as Dreiser?" For the rest of Dreiser's life she devoted herself to playing the difficult role of Great Man's consort.

Just before his first meeting with Helen, Dreiser describes in his diary a dream of flying by means of a giant key and wonders if it meant "my mental & literary soaring days were over—whether I was ever to be permitted to fly again—or whether I was still to fly very high & then lose my power." He was, at the time (1919), nearly 50 and in a literary and amorous cul de sac. Helen-Sondra became his key to freedom, the Golden Girl who satisfied the "intense craving for a wider life" which he mentions in a 1918 entry.

Eventually, he and Helen crashed to earth, and the last diary, a record of a trip to Florida following the completion of *An American Tragedy*, is peppered with references to their quarrels. "Wretched days with someone I really dont care to be with," Dreiser sums up at one point. Not long after that entry, the diary breaks off, but Helen and Dreiser's life together had almost twenty more stormy years to run.

As the diaries show, though indirectly, the California interlude with Helen enabled Dreiser to make a beginning on the book that won him his first unalloyed critical and financial success. *An American Tragedy*, you will recall, is about a young man who murders for love and success. Dreiser had been thinking about the *Tragedy* long before he met Helen (he even did an earlier version entitled *The Rake*), but perhaps she provided a missing element, the character of Sondra—a love worth killing for.

Such speculations are now possible, thanks to the publication of these diaries, which open new factual territory. The portrait of Dreiser that emerges in these pages is not a radically new one, but now it has acquired the cumulative power of fact that a Dreiser novel has. □

Forging Ahead in Hollywood

DANIEL ZITIN

INDECENT EXPOSURE. *By David McClintick. William Morrow and Company. 560 pp. $17.50.*

It isn't my handwriting, Joe. It simply and unequivocally is not. I swear to you on the life of my child that it is not my handwriting and that I have done nothing wrong . . .

What kind of guy swears a false oath on the life of his child? A guy like David Begelman, the talent agent who had become president of Columbia Pictures and was, when he issued the above denial, riding the crest of movie-making success that included *Taxi Driver* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. As the whole world knows by now, it had come to light, by accident, that a check issued by Columbia Pictures to the actor Cliff Robertson was not cashed by Robertson. Columbia financial executives located the check, recognized the endorsement of Robertson's name as being in Begelman's handwriting and showed it, with much discomfiture, to the studio head.

So begins David McClintick's intricate account of the Begelman affair—how the discovery of Begelman's thievery was dealt with by his bosses, and how this triggered a struggle for corporate power. The story is full of fascinating details, and it's told by McClintick, who covered the story for *The Wall Street Journal*, with a novelist's relish for nuances of character and action.

Take Begelman. What a smooth talker he must be. From the details of his past given by McClintick (every one libel-vetted within an inch of its life), it might be inferred that Begelman was always a liar and a crook. As an agent, representing Judy Garland and other big stars, he was highly skilled at pressing his advantage. When you're always pressing to the limit, sometimes you misjudge the limit. Suddenly you're more than a wheeler-dealer—you're a thief. When language is used not to convey facts but to get results, the outcome can be hype, public relations or lying. (Columbia Pictures, the injured party, referred to the Robertson theft and the three thefts revealed by further investigation—for a total of $61,008—as "unauthorized financial transactions.") All the same, it's hard to view Begelman's false oath with anything other than disgust. Even when, with charmingly brazen guile, he begins constructing his psychiatric defense before consulting a psychiatrist, it's impossible to have any sympathy for him.

Fortunately there is a character the reader can root for—Begelman's boss Alan Hirschfield, the Columbia corporate president. A solid family man, Hirschfield is also the Candide of the story, and what happens to him is the book's central vantage. In brief it is this: As corporate president he is

Daniel Zitin, ousted from his job in a corporate takeover, has gone into independent production in Italy.

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presented with evidence of stealing on the part of his brilliant studio president. His impulse is to fire the man, but on consultation with his bosses, the major stockholders who control the board of directors, he finds a curious reluctance on their part to do the right thing. As time passes, reluctance hardens into opposition, and Hirschfield, in a fog of amazement, finds himself forced to retain the crook. The publicity is crippling and the studio can't function, so Begelman soon must resign (but not without negotiating an extremely lucrative production deal). Meanwhile, Hirschfield is desperately trying to find somebody to buy out his bosses, who are after his job. They get him first.

Through it all, Hirschfield, obviously the major source for the book, is portrayed as stunned by the perfidy of some of those around him. The reader may also be stunned, but Hirschfield's naïveté is surprising. He was a seasoned corporate veteran, used to playing tough. And he played as well as he could with the cards he had. Unfortunately for him, the deck belonged to Herbert Allen, Columbia's most powerful stockholder and the dominant figure on the board of directors.

Allen, the young tycoon, actually believed that Begelman was irreplaceable. Money people are frequently bamboozled by creative types; Allen experienced a sort of religious awe at the moneymaking capacity of a man who seemed to have some mystical inspiration for anticipating mass taste. In fact, Begelman was just lucky; at M-G-M, the studio he ran after leaving Columbia, he produced a string of losers. But to Allen at the time, Hirschfield's desire to fire Begelman seemed like cooking the goose that was laying golden eggs. On the issue of stealing, Allen would probably have agreed with a statement (attributed to Judy Garland) about a previous allegation of stealing by Begelman: "Look, suppose he did steal $200,000 to $300,000; sweep it under the rug now. I'm going to make $20 million on these television shows. What is $300,000?" This is called "bottom-line thinking." What's more, it turned out to be Allen himself, not Begelman, who was the genius. Two years after the firing of Hirschfield, he sold out his shares in Columbia, which was doing quite nicely without either Begelman or Hirschfield, for a tidy profit of $30 million to $40 million.

Allen's position on Begelman was

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strongly influenced by Ray Stark, the consistently successful producer whose company had made *Funny Girl* and *The Way We Were* for Columbia. Here is Stark (whose nickname, "The Rabbit," referred to his looks) with his pal Begelman in a wonderful scene early in the drama: They are walking around and around the block on the Upper East Side. It is snowing, and the same nonsensical dialogue is repeated over and over:

> "David, how could you do this?"
> "I swear I don't remember doing it."
> "There's no other check or anything else is there?"
> "On my honor, there is nothing. That is it. Period."

Of course, that wasn't it, as Stark must have suspected. Nevertheless, he supported Begelman, pressing the case for retaining his close friend to Herbert Allen, also his close friend. Stark, for the sake of his influence at Columbia, was pressing his own advantage—quite successfully as things have turned out, for just a few weeks ago his position was enhanced by his election as studio president, a job once held by David Begelman, of a former talent agent who had been president of Ray Stark's production company. Allen, Begelman, Hirschfield . . . not one of McClintick's major characters is left at Columbia except Ray Stark.

Why has *Indecent Exposure* caused such a sensation? Because it's about rich people in a glamorous business involved in a struggle for power. It's written to read like a mass-market novel, and it does. It's vivid, fast-moving and credible. McClintick's concern for accuracy is admirable, even if he takes it to an absurd extreme in his assurance that "references to weather and climatic conditions are taken from the daily records of the National Weather Service."

On the other hand, while he tells us that he conducted interviews with more than a hundred people, he never does tell us exactly who these people are. Then there's the matter of the dialogue, which surely constitutes one of the book's chief pleasures:

> Dialogue was reconstructed from many sources. . . . The author of course does not claim that the dialogue represents the exact words used by the characters at the time of the events described. He does assert, however, that the dialogue represents the best recollection of the most accurate interviewees, that it captures the essence and spirit of the conversations that are reconstructed, as well as the personalities and styles of the characters, and it does so *more* accurately than paraphrase would.

This may be true, and it certainly results in lively storytelling. But there is still a shimmering tension throughout the book between the fictional qualities and the assertion of accuracy. Did Begelman actually say "on the life of my child"? Somehow it seems important.

But the uncertain reality of the dialogue is only one type of irony in a story filled with ironies. There are the words on the back of the check that say "Cliff Robertson" but mean "David Begelman." There are the words of dialogue in which men jockeying for position give venomous signals to each other in honeyed words: Allen tells Hirschfield to "have an open mind" about Begelman, or to "reconsider" his decision to fire Begelman. And there is the irony of the outcomes, how no character in the book seems to get what he deserves. There is no punishment for iniquity, or even for stupidity.

There are also the little ironies of life that can adhere even to one so high as Allen, who, McClintick tells us, once initiated a pass at Amanda Burden (CBS head Bill Paley's stepdaughter) by offering to fix a speeding ticket. He made a phone call, declared the matter taken care of, Amanda was delighted, and a brief romance ensued. Unfortunately for Amanda, she eventually received a follow-up summons, and had to pay her fine anyway.

All these ironies, large and small, are what make *Indecent Exposure* so much fun. And there are those wonderful characters. Here is another of my favorites—Matty Rosenhaus, the raging, weeping major stockholder, who made a fortune off Geritol, and then proved his own blood wasn't tired by marrying a Miss Israel one-third his age. As the book progresses, he conceives an amazing animus for Hirschfield, whom he accuses of disloyalty. His view of Begelman was something like this: anyone at Begelman's level who would bother to steal such peanuts had to be in the grip of a neurotic disorder. A rich petty thief didn't deserve to be fired; he only deserved pity. Ah, what a wonderful tycoon was Matty Rosenhaus. I hereby nominate him for Hollywood's most sentimental honor, the Jean Hirsholt Humanitarian Award. □

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ARNOLD KLEIN

CAMP. *By Alan Saperstein. Ticknor & Fields. 256 pp. $12.95.*

A MIDNIGHT CLEAR. *By William Wharton. Alfred A. Knopf. 227 pp. $12.95.*

Modern life hardly leaves much time, or inclination, for reading novels. Take me, for example. I wake up to the blare of my clock radio, hop into my stereo headphones, fiddle around with my CB radio, play some video games, glance at the *Post*, go to a couple of movies, watch TV, and before I know it, it's 3 o'clock in the morning and time to turn on my sleep-learning machine. So I am touched by what Alan Saperstein is trying to do in *Camp*, his violently importunate new novel: *he is trying to get our attention.* His lurid story, voice-over style, jump-cut narrative and AM-radio characterization are all there to lure readers away from the electronic competition. But . . . should a novel descend to the methods of movies, video games and tabloids? Should it be all hook and no fish? All headline and no news? All shrapnel and no explosion?

Camp is a horror novel about a sleepaway camp run by an insane chiropractor. (I'll bet *that* got your attention.) It begins with a group of frazzled parents deciding to send their children to the beautifully advertised Camp Freedom, nestled idyllically in the New Jersey pine barrens. The parents are brutal, hysterical and obsessive, and the kids are quite worthy of them—psychomotor disorders, overdependency and incipient catatonia abound. Two of the counselors are devoted to psychobabble, the girl full of repressed fury and the boy timid and impotent; the cook is a loony boozer; the photographer whose brochure sold the camp—which is in fact a leech-infested dump encircled by inbred hillbillies—is a manic-depressive who, as a child, ate one of his own thumbs. But these charmers are nothing compared to the camp director, Dr. Stone, a megalomaniac who believes all disorders can be cured, and fine young folks turned out, by a daily adjustment of the spine. In the course of the story, guns are flourished, torture practiced and murder committed before camp, campers and chiropractor are swept away in an apocalyptic firestorm.

As in his first novel, *Mom Kills Kids and Self*, Saperstein is out to show us how violence and insanity seethe under the calm surface of everyday life, always ready to rear their ugly heads. The idea, of course, is every bit as clichéd as the language I've just used to express it, but even so, it's betrayed in *Camp* by Saperstein's overanxious approach. There is simply one bizarrerie too many. Crazy parents, crazy kids and crazy hillbillies are to be expected, perhaps; and crazy counselors and phalangophagous photographers are reasonable enough grotesques, given the novel's setting. But what can you say about a crazy chiropractor? Dr. Stone is not quite an innovation as a horror or black-comedy character, since he follows the stereotype of the mad scientist right down to his contempt for the A.M.A., but, qua chiropractor, he is something of a surprise: his treatments work. The energetic author has thus given us something really and truly out of the ordinary, though the story has lost some of its precious credibility in the process.

The accumulated implausibilities of the novel, however—let's face it, most parents would rather send their kids to chiromancers than to chiropractors—diminish its effectiveness as a thriller and defeat its claims of being an allegory of power gone mad ("Camp Freedom," indeed). The apocalyptic ending closes the story just at the point where the real horror might have begun, with the continuation of family life after such a weird trauma of sadism and irresponsibility. But Saperstein's method of characterization hardly makes you care whether children, parents and chiropractor marry or burn. His descriptions of characters are very much like the captions of news photographs, infelicitous and oversimplified: "Control. Geoff Thomason was manic or depressed depending on how much in control he felt." Predictably, the only time Saperstein slows down his narrative, which skips-skips-skips through the familiar typographical device of separating episodes by white spaces, is to give a microscopic once-over to a mutilated corpse: "The right thigh bone

Arnold Klein wrote book reviews and animal features for the Soho News.

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was broken, causing a large swollen mass that made the thigh look like it contained a football." A *football*? Such is the fate of the literary image in this video era: lurid overstatement.

But the worst thing about the novel's unrelenting violence is the suspicion of affectation that hangs over it. An author who creates an insane chiropractor is quite evidently *reaching*; were he really obsessed with violence and pain, he would have been able to find them in a more credible set of characters and a less ridiculous setting. Saperstein would lure us away from our electronic diversions more easily if he had something to say.

One increasingly popular way to get the attention of readers is to suggest the immediacy of events by using the present tense. You can hardly read a short story in the slicks these days without having life, raw life, and pretty trivial life, too, thrust under your unwilling nostrils: "Sue Ann puts her key in the ignition. She turns it. The engine hesitates, as if it shares her distrust of Big Oil." Unfortunately, this method, seemingly so urgent and direct, is frigidly artificial and tends to promote padding. *A Midnight Clear* by William Wharton, the pseudonymous author of *Birdy* and *Dad*, is a first-person story entirely in the present tense, and about five times as long as it should be. Indeed, it ought to be retitled *A Midnight Dreary*.

A Midnight Clear gives us the adventures of young Will Knott and his platoon of high-I.Q. Army reservists toward the end of World War II. Called into combat duty by accident, assigned to occupy a château in the Ardennes by whim, the boys encounter a small detachment of disgruntled Germans who offer to surrender without bloodshed. Visions of Silver Stars, ticker-tape parades and, above all, transfers back home, dance in the lads' heads. But Destiny, the eyeless charioteer, driveth them on, and the unlucky kids wind up in a blood bath mounted by no less a malefactor than the Author Himself, in pursuit of his thesis that war is absurd.

The double dose of immediacy resulting from present tense and first person brings every action of this small story into a positively exhausting sharp focus: "We take turns digging. First we scrape away the snow and leaves, then work our way through the first few inches of frozen ground with our en-

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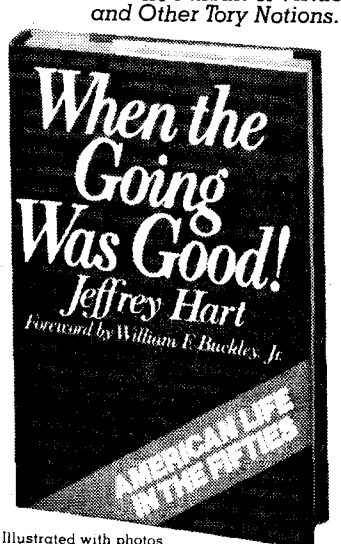

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trenching tools locked at an angle. After that the digging's easy, dark loamy soil with strings of small roots easily cut. We dig two holes, slit-type trenches, only deeper. . . . We string our shelter halfs as low lean-tos over the holes." Zzz . . . zzz . . . It's a good thing they weren't digging the Suez Canal.

Will Knott is supposed to be an intelligent young man, but, as you can see, Wharton has not succeeded in giving him a very intelligent narrative voice. In fact, his characterizations are merely epithets: "It's Bud Miller, our mechanical genius, crossword-puzzle inventor and child poet, along with Stan Shutzer, Jewish avenger and aspiring millionaire advertising executive." In addition to Bud and Stan there's Paul Mundy, a tormented Irish ex-seminarian, and, of course, some very-decent-yet-frighteningly-efficient Germans. Such stereotyping is standard war-story procedure, but in a novel attacking soldierly values one expects something less musty. Musty, too, is Wharton's tacit assumption of complicity from his readers. He writes about World War II with the deep disgust of the post-World War I era; today, pre-World War III, we tend to think of those conflicts as quite different from one another. Nonetheless, it would be easier to agree with the author that war is senseless if Will Knott were not such a drone: "His helmet's been blown off; above his right eye there's a bluish dent around a small hole, and there's not much blood. He is bald." I tell you, the Battle of Waterloo was a disaster for the West, for there it was that Fabrice del Dongo saw a dead soldier without shoes, and thus set forever after the convention of reporting the trivial peculiarities of corpses.

And another thing. Doesn't it seem to you that you've heard this tale of ill-fated surrender before? Somewhere . . . a movie, maybe . . . isn't it all . . . familiar? Perhaps Wharton padded out his novel because, reduced to basics, it would have made a somewhat conventional short story. And yet *A Midnight Clear*, despite its length, has remained a short story; like the hysterical *Camp*, it lacks the dimensions and complexity of a novel. These two books, then, join the ever-growing list of publishing products that are, I am sorry to say, forcing a revision of *The Devil's Dictionary*. That great work defined "novel" as "a short story, padded." The new definition will read: "a short story, period." □

BLACK DUCKS

When the sea is this
grey, motionless, cold, eloquent
as a cough with just a bight
of ice at this edge, I think
there is no heaven. The drop
into the sea of the gull
is surely not the glide
of angels. I think
there are no angels, although
they fill our letters
with their flutters and sighs, although
their furious alphabet has been described
in our bones. Consider the hands—
their tenuousness, their aptitude
for making a word rise
in the mouth of another,
ah, or the twin wings of the hips
and the incalculable bones
of the ear whose reckoning
make this rending of the air
again possible. I think let sleeping
bones lie, fitfully with that madman Blake.

No angels here, the *No*
as clear as the wintering ducks
in the bay, as clear as the sea
is boneless and its good dullness
is a paraphrase for sleep—
look how it rouses now,
tosses and mutters and look,
the chaotic treading
of something, something I can almost
hear, beneath the surface.

Bruce Smith

BOOK NOTES.

DEBATE ON DISARMAMENT. *Edited by Michael Clark and Marjorie Mowlam. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 143 pp. $7.95.* This is a collection of lectures given at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne by E. P. Thompson, Mary Kaldor and others in response to Lawrence Martin's BBC Reith lectures on nuclear strategy and security. Martin concluded, "I have yet to find a better hole than our present balance of power." Thompson and Co. beg to differ. Their addresses offer a good sampling of the discussion taking place among nuclear disarmament proponents and activists in England, where the debate appears to be much more sophisticated than it is here. In America, the discussion seems limited to freeze versus no freeze. Across the Atlantic the fundamental question is how to fashion a defense policy that provides true security, rather than one that relies on a first-strike doctrine of deterrence, a strategy considered by these lecturers to be no more than a suicide pact.

THE DARK AGES: Life in the United States 1945-1960. *By Marty Jezer. South End Press. 335 pp. $8.* Another title for this history might well be "The Corporatization of America." During the postwar era, Jezer writes, "the corporate world had the financial resources and the authority over investment decisions to reshape the world." And it did. Jezer convincingly traces many of the changes in America at this time to the ascension of corporate capitalism, and generally depicts the era as a period of political repression, conformity and dogmatism. All in all it is a rather grim portrait. Jezer offers his book as "an activist tool," history written with an eye toward change, an approach that works on all fronts except on the subject of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. Here his account, aimed at proving America's economic imperialism was the sole cause of the

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cold war, falls short and mars an otherwise fine work.

THE HIDDEN WEST. *By Rob Schultheis. Random House. 176 pp. $11.50.* Wearing a tweed jacket with a copy of *On the Road* in one pocket, the author, fresh out of prep school, hitchhiked to the West in the summer of 1962. Since then he has explored the mountains, canyons, rivers and plains of the American outback—the stretch of land between the hundredth meridian and the Sierra Nevada—and this is an impressionistic mosaic of his adventures. Land formations, not people, are the primary characters. Though Schultheis suffers occasionally from heavy-handedness, he does effectively portray glorious scenery and some wonderful moments, as when a South Dakota medicine man complains to the author, "Even if you get a vision, so what? A vision and a quarter will buy you a cup of coffee. Nobody cares about visions any more. Too bad."

LETTERS TO ALLEN GINSBERG 1953-1957. *By William Burroughs. Full Court Press. 203 pp. $17.95.* These letters, written mostly while Burroughs was in Tangiers coping both with his addiction and his manuscript for *Naked Lunch*, reveal the black-humored novelist as both a pathetic junkie (talking baby talk to his remaining functional veins) and a struggling artist who craves recognition and love. As Ginsberg writes in the introduction, this is a "chronicle of Burroughs at his most vulnerable, 'the invisible man' at his most visibly tender." A rare glimpse of Burroughs—the homosexual in love with Ginsberg, the writer who cannot fathom the scope of his work and, above all, the pitiful addict living a seedy and lonely expatriate existence in Morocco. David Corn

THE SHABUNIN AFFAIR. *By Walter Kerr. Cornell University Press. 205 pp. $14.95.* In 1866, Leo Tolstoy acted as defense counsel for a common soldier called Shabunin who had been sentenced to death by firing squad for striking a superior officer. His appeal failed, and in 1908, in a letter to his biographer, Tolstoy wrote that the incident "had much more influence on my life than all the seemingly more important events." Were there at least a little documentary proof to support this statement, Kerr's attempt to relate the execution to

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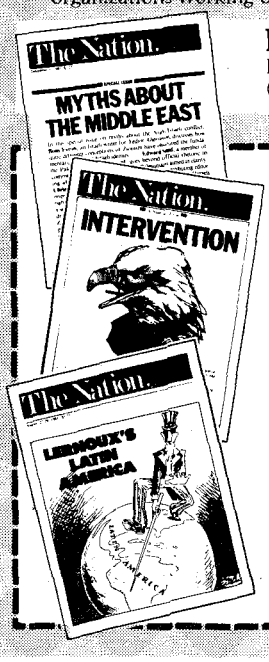

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TREE OF LIFE: The World Through the Eyes of Children. *Edited by Sylvia Lindström, Gunnar Berefelt, Anna Lena Wik-Thorsell, in collaboration with the Swedish Save the Children. Interpublishing AB. 128 pp. $10. (Available through UNICEF.)* In 1978, some adults asked children from all over the world to make pictures representing the Tree of Life. By 1979, they had received 3,000 responses from eighty countries. The adults then began exhibiting a selection of the pictures—most recently, at the United Nations. There, this art received the silence it deserved, words being cheap in the face of an "unknown refugee's" vision of life as hell or a Japanese child's esthetically sophisticated imaginings of a perfect world. These children demand action from us—not more words. Unfortunately, the editors of this book felt compelled to analyze the artwork to death, citing twenty-six academic sources, blithering on about the honesty of the "primitive" and surrendering space to only 143 (often ridiculously reduced) pictures—in short, confining the child's vision within adult organization, like grade school teachers anxious to make a good impression on parents' night. J. W.

THEATER.

RANDY COHEN

The first Young Playwrights Festival, a project of the Dramatists' Guild, opened at the Circle Rep last week, under the combined auspices of the Guild and the Circle Rep, and a more bracing theatrical occasion cannot be imagined. Edith Oliver
The New Yorker
May 10

Pint-sized dramatists convened in New York City this week to discuss the state of the American theater, to view one another's work and to vie for the "Barbie," the juvenile equivalent of an Obie or a Tony. The peewee playwrights were competing for more than a chocolate statuette, however. The winner will also receive a lucrative publishing arrangement with the prestigious house, Golden Books, as well as many Fudgsicles.

Anticipation ran high for the festival's first-ever staging of a musical comedy, *Playground!* by Jessica Levi (age 5), featuring the tunes "Swings Are Fun," "I Like the Slide!" and "Boys Are Icky, Especially Jeffy." Sadly, a snag developed when the Bay Park Elementary School Rhythm Band, slated to accompany the performance, sought to enforce their standard American Federation of Musicians contract. Festival backers refused to honor a clause calling for them to pay the salaries of thirty-two rhythm-stick players who would not actually perform, but would sit around and read comic books. Despite efforts to reach a compromise, the negotiations broke down, and *Playground!* was scratched from the schedule.

Fortunately, there were no other major difficulties, and the remaining plays were mounted as planned. Franky Richman, powerful critic with *My Weekly Reader*, made special mention of the work of 7-year-old Tommy Garvin, pronouncing him "A bold new voice crying out from the sandbox of America."

Tommy describes his one-acter, *Butch and the Boys*:

> These guys are on, you know, a bus, and then a big monster grabs the bus and he starts to eat the bus, but uh, these guys all get away and uh, then they're at the beach with this dog. The dog's name is Butch. And they all start to go swimming and then a big wave hits them on the head. The end.

Particularly well received by her colleagues was *The Best Princess* by Carol Spinarkle (age 6). She sketches this scenario:

> First the princess comes down to breakfast, but she forgot something, her book, so she has to go back to her room to get it. And she's wearing a blue dress and blue shoes and is very nice. Then she goes all over the kingdom and talks to all the people. And they all say, "Oh, we love you, Princess, because you are so beautiful and so wonderful and you are the best one." Then she gets on her horse and rides to the store. Then she goes and plays with her friends, and they are all princesses too, but she is the best one.

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Bobby Dobler (6½) of the Rutherford B. Hayes Primary School of Lakeport, Michigan, covering the festival for his school paper, *The School Paper*. Dobler wrote: "I think it's all stupid, especially that stupid Carol Spinarkle and her stupid princess. She's really stupid."

Spinarkle responded to this attack by charging that Dobler "had cooties" and by hitting him on the head with her Slinky. Mommies and daddies quickly separated the combatants, sending Spinarkle to her room because "hitting is a no-no." Dobler was sentenced to no TV for a week because "he was bad."

The opening-night party at Sardi's was a subdued affair, in part because of his ugly incident and also because one of the playwrights were allowed to stay up late enough to attend.

The festival was made possible by grants from The Milton Bradley Company, Kool-Aid, Bubble-Yum Inc. and Tommy Garvin's father. □

Sandy Cohen's latest book is Modest Proposals *(St. Martin's). Richard Gilman will be back next week.*

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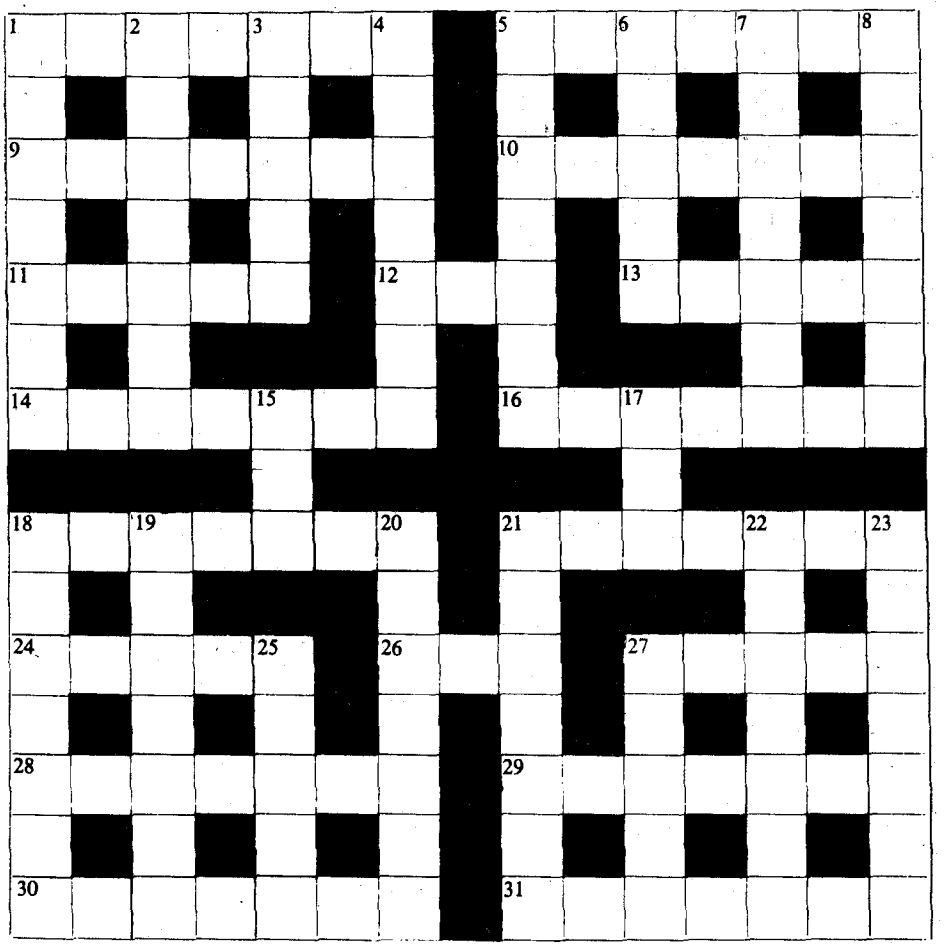

ACROSS

1 Would part of the basic lob be required to show up a rather common form of batter? (7)
5 Relishes? Choose the French such. (7)
9 Lay out something regularly in the manuscript—slanders, for example. (7)
10 With fancy robes, mine get sort of red around the edges. (7)
11, 12 and 13 Repeatedly it ought to add up to double profits! (5,3,5)
14 In a high voice, a large number give indications of fear . . . (7)
16 . . . and if one does, one might 14, making this red. (7)
18 and 21 As the sailor said, waft a little thistle someone's way! (4,3,3,4)
24, 26 and 27 A la mode? That's neat! (5-3,5)
28 A tire in bad condition won't get you far! (7)
29 Just think of it! The wise men follow one north, and *then* east! (7)
30 A fuel distributor, perhaps. (Most important, it follows a slump in the return.) (3,4)
31 It's not exactly a saying, as you might deny! (7)

DOWN

1 In the old days, most girls would not think of going out without such agreement! (The press might make things so.) (7)
2 Cattle food one wouldn't want to find on the beach. (3,4)
3 It's one way to start having a role in the Middle East! (5)
4 Say again—those that were left had dinner? (7)
5 Made a case, perhaps, but it would mean the same without the drink inside. (7)
6 It might mark the smallest interruption of thought. (5)
7 A facial mark that takes years and years to show up in the family. (7)
8 Where things may be shunted, singularly appropriate on some houses. (7)
15 and 17 However, not up to it if you want to fasten something. (6)
18 Carriage one might take, if looking for proper direction. (7)
19 Those who dictate might get little work with part of the media. (7)
20 It may be no longer clear how to render things intelligible. (7)
21 This at night was a Browning poem. (7)
22 Gives orders to make inroads. (7)
23 A little ash, for example, might be found in one—but in any case the charges here are small. (7)
25 As part of the production, this might be super! (5)
27 It's all right with a mixed type of animal, related to a giraffe. (5)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES 1927 AND 1928 AT LEFT

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